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RAMBLING NOTES

AND

REFLECTIONS,

SUGGESTED

DURING A VISIT TO PARIS

IN THE WINTER OF

1826—1827.

By SIR ARTHUR BROOKE FAULKNER.

84569

——— SURELY THERE 'S VARIETY;
ALSO A SEASONING SLIGHT OF LUCUBRATION:
A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW, TOO, OF THAT WILD SOCIETY:—
A SLIGHT GLANCE THROWN ON MEN OF EVERY STATION:
IF YOU HAVE NOUGHT ELSE, HERE 'S AT LEAST SATIETY,
BOTH IN PERFORMANCE AND IN PREPARATION.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

In offering these hurried pages to the World, the Writer cannot be ignorant of the extent of his responsibility, and the gravity of his offences in every way. As to the execution, his sole aim in publishing being to turn the few opportunities which suggested his reflections to some practical account in his own Country; he was little solicitous about the manner, provided he might be intelligible. But whatever his errors and oversights, he determines to avoid all controversy, *though it will always afford him pleasure to be set right, if done with clearness and candour.*

00084569

PREFACE.

WHEN my reader is told that these Rambling Notes are the casual fruits of five weeks first visit to Paris, in the dead of winter, two questions must suggest themselves:—What can be learnt of Paris during five weeks? And as to a first visit, does any man with a sounder mind than the Author look at this time of day for more information from a first visit to Paris than from a Cockney's maiden tour to the latitude of St. James? *Quid dignum tanto feret promissor hiatu?* After the many ponderous chronicles of most veracious tourists which have been written on the wonders and gaieties of the French metropolis, it will readily be allowed that any attempt to excite interest by a new volume on the subject, is sufficiently unpromising, and worse than unpromising,

likely to be very un-performing. The two or three graver topics which occupy so disproportioned a space, are no doubt sadly out of keeping with what we look for in a traveller's journal—that *cœna dubia* where the mere number and variety of the dishes are sufficient to make up for a very moderate cookery. But as I know of no canon by which such sort of compositions are regulated, I should humbly hope, notwithstanding what I have said of the Church, that it will be considered at least a *clergyable* offence to let the whole stand together as it first came forth, for the writer's amusement, the month before last, in the bustle of Rue Caumartin.

Since my return, and while these sheets were in the press, I have added some further observations on the professions of Divinity and Physic as they are practised in our own Country, conceiving it some small service, if I might only make it appear how these professions are liable to be abused with impunity by persons more regardful of their interests than their professional duties.

Of *legal* ethics I have said nothing, or next to nothing. If there be any crafty advantages practised in the higher branch of this vocation, they cannot, I presume, be very numerous. The learned department of the law differs from its sister professions in one most paramount and essential respect; namely, that there is a direct and indissoluble connexion between *ability* and *success:* while, in the other, absolutely no more than between the value of the parsonage and the piety of its owner — the length of the Doctor's bill, and the modesty that drew it up. I speak here of the Doctor in his full generic comprehension, as the usage is in this Country, extending to the Apothecary's deputy. Physic, properly so called, draws up no bills, though it will sometimes take a handsome fee. I do not mean to say, however, that the Lawyer is always an immaculate character, or that he might not find it possible to do some profitable business, by now and then decoying a client, for his own ends, to try his luck in the lottery of the "glorious uncertainty." Still, it must be seldom that so

hazardous an experiment is attempted, since one such trick discovered inevitably gravels him for life, or at least makes the gulls uncommonly shy for the future. But what is this "glorious *un*-certainty," in comparison with the never-ceasing profits of the daily, ay hourly, "glorious *certainties*" of the Doctor? A joke. — In respect to the Church, his Reverence, to be sure, may not have the same means of ingeniously augmenting his revenues; but need I ask what earthly connexion there is between the promotion and fat livings of his Reverence and the pious exertions by which they have been obtained?

As to Physic, can any one who has given the least thought to the subject be ignorant how far a bulimy for fees may be indulged safely, most wantonly indulged, at the expense of confiding credulity, not only without loss of fame or profit, but with a considerable accession of both? And beside other advantages, we are not quite to forget "qu'il y a parmi les morts une honnêteté et une discretion la plus grande du monde, et jamais on ne veut se plaindre du mé-

decin qu'il a tué."* My reader, I hope, will not mistake me by supposing it is the broad quackery of our Brodums or Eadys, or even our Solomons in all their glory, that I am alluding to as fraught with these peculiarly profitable facilities—the *Venus vulgaris* who despatches her mercury and her message to decoy the passing stranger. No, no. This lady daubs too high, and is much too meretricious, to repay the pains of notice. The craft of which I deem it patriotic to present a section, is that of your plausible artist, with a small measure of learning, and a much larger measure of cunning; in comparison of whose prowess in making a harvest of ingenuity, your straightforward charlatan, who does not mince the matter, but talks boldly of his infallibility, like the Pope, is an absolute infant.

Of the Clergy, as a body, I would be understood to speak with the utmost reverence. Several most worthy clergymen, in every rank, both *in* and *out* of the pale of the Establishment, are of my acquaintance, or among my respected friends; and these, I am sure, are the very last who would be displeased

* Molière.

with any attempt to correct what is amiss in the practice of their less scrupulous brethren. If the Church complains of being deserted for the Conventicle, the complainants may assure themselves that it is not to any speculative preference for this or that modification of doctrine that such desertion is owing; but, to speak in plain terms, to the little consistency which people begin too generally to observe between *profession* and *practice*. We have had a frightful experience of what religion has suffered in France from a like cause, and let me hope the lesson may not come too late for a warning to ourselves.*

* Since this was sent to press, I have considered it not irrelevant to insert a statement which was announced by a clergyman in his sermon, in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, on the 19th of August, 1827 — namely, that out of a population of 30,000 which the parish contains, (perhaps he meant only the church-going population), there were this year but 500 communicants, and the greater part women! I make no comment.

If the duty of the church were trustily done, is it probable that the number of Methodists added to the swelling list would amount, as it has done this year, to 7993? which appears to be the fact, from a return made from various parts of the kingdom. — *Vide Morning Herald, 20th August, 1827.*

It is true these topics have no more to do with a tour to Paris than with the discovery of the North-West Passage; but their value, if they could presume to have any, would not be affected by the vehicle in which they are conveyed, any more than by the trifling nature of the incidents which suggested them. I am as fully aware as if a son of Aristarchus stood at my elbow how many good and sound objections might be taken against the temerity of putting forth such a motley *mélange* of unconnected trifles and grave matter. My book, however, with the usual atrocious obstinacy proceeding from the hope of doing some good, against the clear evidence of all experience to the contrary, would not be restrained from the headlong purpose.

——— quid miser egi?
Quid volui? dices ubi quid te læserit
Ridebit monitor non exauditus, ut ille
Qui male parentem in rupes protrusit asellum,
Iratus; quis enim invitum servare laboret? *

* But where, after all, is the use of being anxious about the matter; since, if an author were, in these days, as invulnerable as Achilles, the reviewer would be sure to have him by the heel.

Though much ephemeral matter has been expunged since my return, the notes on the press have been allowed to stand, from a wish to present what I could gather of the state of public feeling, pending the discussion of M. Peyronnet's *projet*.

Upon the whole, the reader must see there can hardly be a much less inviting undertaking than the present. If any who honour my pages with a perusal should feel sore, I can only apologise in the same way as the man did, in a crowd, to a person in front, on whose heels he was treading, by telling him, for his comfort, that he was standing on the toes of the people behind. Not to write with candour on subjects of this nature would be to compromise the only object of writing at all. All the *real* friends of the learned professions, I am persuaded, will cordially go along with me. Nothing could compensate to me for giving a worthy man, no matter how deficient his claims in other respects, one unpleasant feeling. If, therefore, any one were to experience a little awkwardness, we must conclude the hat fits; and the tighter the fit, the more he may be expected to complain.

In a profession with such an "alacrity in sinking" as Physic, I cannot believe that any honest man would desire to exclude a high rate of liberal education as the general condition of the competency of its professors. Some, without this advantage, I know, have risen to deserved eminence. How much higher, then, might they have reached, had this advantage not been wanting!

I claim, indeed, a large measure of consideration for my remarks on the Church: for who that is the least acquainted with the habits of our more respectable clergy, and especially our dignitaries, can affect to be ignorant of the daily sacrifices they make in visiting the house of mourning in preference to the house of feasting, administering consolation to the widow and the orphan, carrying hope into the prisons, seeking out distress instead of waiting till it seeks, instructing the young in the principles of religion, confirming the more advanced, fixing the wavering, comforting infirmity and age; to whom the tale and tear of misery never appeal in vain; whose superfluities, above what is barely necessary

for carnal consequence, are continually shared with poverty and distress in every form; whose revenues are, in short, only so many public deposits, of which they are the stewards. Who can be acquainted with these things, and suppose I should withhold all due veneration for an Establishment, which, whatever its frailties, is redeemed by so much active practical piety?

A few words seem called for in reference to the Mechanic Institutions. It is probable I have not allowed them their full meed of desert. If so, it has proceeded wholly from a misgiving that they are not likely to be kept up unless by a degree of persevering gratuitous energy in their promoters, which can hardly be looked for. Merely the first impulse will not, I think, be sufficient to keep the thing going. There must be a succession of impulses. The people themselves never volunteer more trouble than they can avoid; and it seems a golden dream to suppose their ardour for knowledge will overcome their *vis inertiæ* and the alehouse, if wholly left to themselves.

To suppose the wayward mob, of their own free accord, exerting themselves without any thing to set off against the temptations of vulgar gratification but the pure love of learning, is to beg the question, and to assume that this love of information already exists. To borrow a figure from their own class, it is putting the cart before the horse. And as to the promoters of these Institutions, though many will work with ardour to gain a name at the commencement of the experiment, it may not be so easy to find supplies when the rage has subsided. If it were worth while, nothing is easier than to shew the utter impotence of mere lecturing for the instruction of the promiscuous multitude.

In France, on the contrary, knowledge in every form is open to all—free and accessible as the fountain, where every one who thirsts is invited to come and drink, without money and without price. Here it is one of the chief ingredients in the cup of life—the food constantly provided in the storehouse of the State for the use of all ranks. Hence a rage for knowledge is

become universal, perpetually undulating, and enlarging its circle to the remotest extremities of society.

I cannot conclude these remarks without an expression of my regret that the Duke d'Angoulême has not found a more flattering place in my humble page. I am extremely sorry, for his own sake, that he should have made the statement necessary; or, whether necessary or not, left himself open to it.

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ERRATA.

Page 24, line 8, *for* compliment *read* complement.
48, — 15, *for* third *read* half.
52, — 21, *for* portion *read* proportion.
68, — 3, *for* Bacchalinum *read* baculinum.
103, — 18, *for* latter *read* former.
184, — 2, *dele* or.

RAMBLING NOTES,

ETC.

CHAP. I.

FEB. 11th, 1827.—I shall beg to land my reader in Paris at once; we shall be tired enough before all is over. At five minutes before eight o'clock on the evening of the 8th inst. entered the barrier of St. Denis by moonlight, and in a few minutes my party were safe lodged at Meurice's, a capital hotel in every respect, where I can conscientiously recommend my best friend to establish himself in such a season as this, who sets any high value on civility and good cheer, there being the happiest union of English comforts and French good living, that any traveller, half

starved to death, could desire; and this has been one of the most inclement felt here for many years.

Scarcely had the barrier at Calais been cleared, when we were presented with ocular proof of the political feeling of the people. Napoleon's name was written in the wreaths of snow for a considerable distance on the road side, in letters as conspicuous as Eady's on the London walls. To be sure the tablet was rather fragile, as all human records are, whether of snow or marble. To Napoleon's fame, however, the *matériel* of his monument is of small consequence. Let others owe their immortality to the sculptor, he has left behind a "live-long monument," which will survive when the stone and brazen memorials of his age, like the snow-wreaths at Calais, shall have melted from the face of the earth.

This is my first visit to France; and in spite of the surly season, my impressions are far from unpleasant. If there was no better reason, it is impossible not to be pleased with the general disposition to say and do obliging

things, which one meets with among the very meanest of the people; whether for their own sakes or ours I consider quite foreign to the question—the end is attained.

12th.—At Galignani's, that grand magazine of all the news and newspapers in Europe. Here an Englishman gets intelligence of every thing going on at home with nearly as much despatch as in many parts of his own country, certainly as rapidly as in some parts of Ireland or Scotland. It is the quid nunc's paradise,—a most luxurious restaurateur to all whose minds depend for their daily sustenance on the passing events of the world: and the consequence is, it is crowded from morning till night with all nations and languages.

16th.—It has often been remarked that the French have no articulate sound exactly corresponding to *comfortable;* but how they come to have such a word as *ennui*, and a word of their own special coinage too, is to me a much greater puzzle. Though here but five days, I have seen enough to satisfy me that, of the two, they certainly have reason to know more of the comforts, few as they are, than of the weariness of

life. Had Blucher left nothing of Paris but the Louvre, (and he might as well have determined to demolish it as the Austerlitz pillar, which he was on the point of sending up like a sky-rocket,) even despoiled as it is of some of its rarest furniture, no Parisian could have the smallest excuse for suffering *ennui.* If ever I venture to say any thing of the interesting contents of this grand national museum, it must be when we are better acquainted; for though first impressions are said to be the most correct, yet are they liable to be *hyperbolized;* and hyperbole, when we write or speak from our feeling under a first impression, all the world will allow is not a figure to sport with.

It is quite impossible not to notice the contrast between the reception a stranger meets with here, and when viewing some of the places of national interest in our own country,—Westminster Abbey, for instance. While the Louvre is open, without costing one sou, our grand cemetery cannot be viewed without encountering exaction, and it may be some insolence to boot. The policy and the taste are

equally questionable, in my opinion, which throw any impediment in the way of viewing the monuments of a nation. Indeed the whole value of such things is their being freely accessible. They tend to raise the national character by supplying a perpetual source of innocent recreation, or to cherish patriotism and public spirit by kindling an ambition to emulate the virtues of the great benefactors of mankind;—national purposes, which, if they were not recommended by the most illustrious examples of antiquity, one would think too obvious to be overlooked.* An established perquisite to a door-keeper invariably converts him into a shark, and this shark must be propitiated, which may often happen to be neither an agreeable nor a convenient operation. N.B. It takes half-a-crown to secure a good seat in the gallery of our House of Commons, as the current price of the favour. Now surely our House of Com-

* Scipio and Maximus used to say, Cùm majorum imagines intuerentur, vehementissimè, sibi animum ad virtutem accendi.

mons is the last place where a *seat* should be purchased, or have any thing to do with private favour or affection. It is, in fact, to convert the gallery into a rotten borough. I have dwelt on these things, because they are so frequently the topic of conversation with foreigners who have visited our national institutions.

When one views the superb structure in which the royal family are lodged here, it is impossible to avoid some feeling of shame for the old black-and-brown pile at the bottom of St. James's Street. To be sure the Tuileries are the work of centuries; and hardly a reign passes without contributing its quota of addition or alteration. Then why should not we have done the same? What a saving it would produce to the nation, if we calculate the expense of our dilapidations! Borrowing from ancient Rome, in its most luxurious days, our maxim has been, diruere et ædificare; and these operations being, like action and reaction, equal and contrary, so exactly balance one another, that at the end of a century we are precisely where we started, if not in actual arrear. Up

to the present hour there has been in London nothing that we can call a palace worthy either of its king or country: and I should be very sorry to swear that even Buckingham Palace will remain true to its present destination, a hundred years hence, without at least undergoing some revolution similar to that in Sir John Haslar's stockings; of which it was said, that they were so often altered and patched, it puzzled the philosophers to say whether they were Sir John's identical original stockings or not.

Feb. 17th. — Have just had an interesting conversation with an intelligent French gentleman on different matters connected with the popular establishments of this country; a subject which, if my distractions, and this abominable weather will allow, I hope to enlarge upon at some length; but it will cost some fagging, as I mean to take as little on trust as I can help.

It is impossible to converse with a Frenchman for five minutes together on the state of his country, without discovering his raving abhorrence of Jesuits. Indeed, whether Jesuit

or Gallican, the hydrophobia is intense with which he views the *jonglerie* of priests, together with the mummery of forms and ceremonies which have extinguished every semblance of rational religion. No man gets credit with these hypocrites for the smallest pretensions to being a Christian, who refuses to perform his round compliment of pater nosters and confessions: if he does this, he has absolution to do what else he likes: I was going to say he might rob a church; whereas he would be at liberty to rob any thing else,—the priesthood here, I believe, being no less tenacious of any thing belonging to themselves than the clergy of any other country.

In the substantial interior accommodation of their houses, Paris certainly falls as far behind London, as in their exterior they surpass us in grandeur and durability. And, with all their fancy and finery, one soon discovers that mirrors, gilding, and splendid hangings, are but a sorry set-off, in a cold winter day, against the misery of wood fires, pyrolignic-acid fumes, and bare floors, however well they may be polished.

I have already had salutary caution, how

necessary it is to be on one's guard speaking a foreign language among natives. An English lady this morning, in my hearing, utterly confounded a French gentleman by remarking, that a friend of hers going to St. Cloud, had preferred travelling in a *chaise percée* (read *coupée*) to his own carriage. The Frenchman, too well bred to take advantage of the mistake, merely said, "Mais, madame, c'étoit une préférence bien drôle." This is no travelling story, but a literal fact.

A very intolerable bore is the being obliged to bargain for every thing one purchases; and yet, after the most persevering asseverations to the contrary, the seller will often come down to one half of what he first demanded as *le plus bas prix*. This *we* should call something very like cheating; and yet such casuists does habit make of us, the thing is not considered unfair. But if we come to the strict letter of fairness in the matter of buying and selling, even our own immaculate countrymen must, I fear, not be too forward to boast. It is true we may not practise the same policy

in the sale of our muslins; but I ask, whether there are many men who would implicitly trust the first bishop in the land with putting his own price on a horse, for the possession of which the said bishop might be tempted to break the tenth commandment? Indubitably not: and this is decisive, when it is considered that the morality of a bishop stands so much above that of the lay population, of which the member for Aberdeen will tell you there can be no question at all. Thus the standard of morals has varied in different ages and countries, and probably will for ever vary. In Sparta thieving was a virtue, as long as it remained undetected. Here you would be visited by a gen-d'arme for the smallest pilfering; and yet that very gen-d'arme, I have no sort of doubt, would most conscientiously cheat you to your face, if he had an opportunity of doing it under shelter of a sale.

The French frequently complain of the law of conscription, as one of the worst legacies entailed upon the nation by Buonaparte. But is it less reconcilable with the natural rights

of the subject than our impressment of seamen? His long services, instead of a protection to the poor kidnapped tar, are the very reason why he must serve again, and be dragged, it may happen, from the bosom of his family, where he had hoped to lay up in ordinary for the rest of his life.

The self-complacency of this nation is rather amusing than otherwise, and you find it everywhere. I had a specimen to-day from a woman who sold me some stationery, and who was led by some turn in our conversation to speak of the manners of our countrymen. It is not your *fierté*, said she, that makes you disliked, it is your *froideur*: but, to comfort me, and smooth matters, she added, you are certainly much improved since you came first. The same remark I have heard applied to Cossacks. My countrymen are accustomed to allow largely for the figurative licenses of French speech. Our common notion of *froideur*, if I could judge from her face, stands at a much lower temperature than the lady meant to convey by the expression. It was, in fact,

for a Frenchwoman, a furious imputation on our repulsive incivility — one of the severest wipes she could aim at our bad breeding.

"The Scotch are prodigious favourites, and Sir Walter's novels almost as familiar to every body as with us. It is not uncommon to hear Scotland called *le pays de Scott*, and the plaid is worn by all ranks. So much for auld lang syne. Would only that the Scotch did not return the compliment, and copy certain of *their* habits too faithfully, which I think it un*necessary* to particularize.

Just returned from a long and interesting conversation with the celebrated Ignace Pleyel, a venerable old man of about 74, very animated, of middle size and thin, with a head of hair as white as snow, and dark, intelligent, penetrating eyes. He received me in his own apartment with great kindness. I told him my motive for taking the liberty of calling, was the pure satisfaction of seeing a composer to whom I had been indebted for a very large share of the enjoyment of my early life. The passport was admitted without a moment's

hesitation, and he became all at once as affable as if we had been old acquaintances. When I complimented his compositions, he answered, with a shrug of modest self-approbation; "Mais, monsieur, ma musique est ancienne à present." At the mention of Haydn, his eyes sparkled, and he spoke of him with enthusiasm. Haydn, said he, was the father of us all, (*notre papa*): he and Mozart monopolized all the genius of their age, and were among the last great masters who felt, and made others feel, that the end of music is to touch the heart. Beethoven he allowed to be a man of first-rate talent, but on many occasions deficient in originality; copying both his great predecessors, but especially plundering Mozart. He was quite of my opinion, that Beethoven has been the cause of generating the present vicious school of music-run-mad, by begetting a mania for imitating his abstruse and complicated harmonies, to the utter extinction of every thing like sentiment or air. At present, said he, "il n'y a point de phrase." In place of this, the composer thinks he has "attained all,

when he has exhausted his invention in producing every practicable combination of notes, and every imaginable transition from one key to another. Music, he continued, like other things, is subject to its revolutions; and though her good genius droops for the present, the time must arrive, and that perhaps not far distant, when the phœnix will revive, and the world once more acknowledge the authority of the former school as it deserves. Handel he spoke of with the veneration due to his apotheosis. That wonderful man, said he, anticipated every thing that is to be known in the art, and must be for ever new.

He dwelt much on the modesty of Haydn, one of whose peculiarities was, that he never could be brought to form the most distant idea of his own merits; and this, he assured me, was not affectation, but pure unsophisticated unconsciousness of having any thing to be proud of.

As a further evidence of the decadence of public taste in regard to music, he told me that there has not for years been known such a

thing as a quartetto in a private house from one end of Paris to the other. The prevailing rage for the last twenty years has been for singing with pianoforte or harp accompaniment: one of the consequences of which is, that the first rate professional violinists have deserted the fine school of Viotti, for airs with variations, tortured to worse than death, to the agonies of dying, to suit the vitiated palate of the public, to whom difficulty and excellence have long been synonymous. Viotti he considered not only as the greatest of all performers on the violin, but also the choicest of all composers for that instrument.

While I was making some observations on the last *morceau* Haydn ever wrote, to which the words " je suis foible et vieux" were adapted by himself, he interrupted me by observing, that he was present at the time he wrote it; and that attempting to compose a quick movement as a finale, after a long essay to propitiate the muse at the pianoforte, he at last owned he was unable to find one idea, ("il ne pouvoit rien trouver"). Times are altered,

said the good old Haydn: when I was young, the ideas would come unsought; now I am obliged to seek for them, and, worse still, to seek for them in vain.

It gave me great pleasure to hear this prime of my favourites spoken of with so much respect and enthusiasm by his last surviving most intimate friend and pupil, and a person in every way qualified to form so just an opinion of his transcendant merits.—It was truly the *laudatus ab laudato.*

For the last twenty years Pleyel has written nothing. I praised his quartetto in G minor (Op. II.), observing, that I looked upon it as one of his happiest efforts; an opinion in which he did not seem averse to join. This quartetto, said he, I dedicated to Haydn. It requires all the parts to be very well sustained, and accurately together, to give the right effect. To whatever subject our conversation might happen to stray, he always returned to Haydn; and certainly never was a movement done more justice to, or played with a more genuine *con amore.*

Pleyel resided in England before the revolution, but having property in France, was obliged to return, and has never since left the country. At present he passes a great part of his time in country retirement, the quiet of which he finds necessary at his advanced age; but his health, though infirm, is far from bad.

19th. — Louvre. To be of much service to strangers, Miss Stark ought to publish an edition of her book every year or two. The last is of little use, many of the numbers on the statues being altered, or the statues themselves removed to other places in the Museum.

I am much puzzled in trying to account for the immeasurable distance there is between the merits of the Greek and Roman sculpture, which is so very visible, even among what remains of the splendid contents of the Louvre: nor can I discover any other solution of the difficulty so feasible as the common supposition, which is attended with hardly less, namely, that while the former copied entirely from nature, the latter were content servilely to study from the copy. But can we suppose that a nation which

has left such bright examples in poetry, would not have spurned the idea of belonging to the servum pecus in any other of the sister arts? Yet is there hardly any thing extant, I believe, of Roman sculpture, very much above mediocrity. It strikes me there must be some other cause operating as a restraint upon national genius, not to be resolved on any of the commonly received principles. Let it be explained why England has never produced one original air worth a farthing in comparison of those in which the other three integral parts of the kingdom abound. How is it that contiguous countries, in constant habits of intercourse with each other, and who have access to the same means of improvement, and the same exemplars to copy, continue from age to age so essentially asunder in the scale of merit? I am convinced a great deal of undue, if not hurtful stress, is laid upon the study of models, and the maxim about devoting nights and days to the *exemplaria Græca*. Besides; have we not seen that the brightest geniuses the world ever produced,

were the most remarkable for their independence on them?

In my very humble judgment, an exemplar in any of the fine arts can only be of use, so far as it helps us by a shorter road to understand the *principles* of that art, and stirs up emulation to *originate*, not to *copy*. But the danger is, that we slide insensibly into a habit of following the letter of the details; and a passive habit can only produce a slave instead of a master. If we would propitiate the Muse to any purpose of producing great things ourselves, we must get rid of this idolatry, and invoke her creative power upon our own proper spirits. It is within myself I must look for the model, if I would soar with wings of my own.

> Tentanda via est quâ me quoque possum
> Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.

"" The Greeks," says a late writer, "had no gallery of Egyptian sculpture; and if they had, we should not now have the Venus de Medicis and Apollo. The Romans, on the contrary,

were overwhelmed with Greek originals, and what did they produce?" In fact, the genius of Greece was trained in the only school where it will ever learn to produce great things—the school of Nature. The Olympic games, exhibiting the feats of wrestlers and gladiators, where the anatomy of expression could be studied in its full force and effect, supplied the only models they knew, or would know; and these, aided by an unlimited demand for their works, and the high prize of fame, the estimation of which may be guessed at, when so much was encountered to gain a chaplet of laurel, did what nothing else but a concurrence of the same causes will ever do again.

The unbounded veneration of our Flaxman for the Greek school, led him to suspect that even the Apollo Belvedere might be a copy; and nothing could more fully express the extent of this veneration than the reason he assigns for the suspicion; "because," said he, "it appears to me *possible* to make another as good." Let it not be supposed that the danger of an injudicious use of a model, is to be obviated by *any*

excellence in the original. So far otherwise, it may much more frequently prove the cause of failure. I am satisfied that it was the utter despair of being able to make any thing like an approach to the miracles of the Greek chisel that mainly repressed the emulation of their successors, and made them content with the glory of following, at a humble distance, the excellencies which they never would allow themselves to hope could be equalled.

The gallery of the Louvre, though dismantled of many of its most valuable paintings, still contains a great number of the very best schools. But to antique statuary I own my preference rises above any thing I can feel for painting. When we can assure ourselves of the authority both of the sculptor and his handiwork, the predilection I think not difficult to account for. Those classic recollections, which are entwined with our earliest devotion for the great names of antiquity, are brought into full play, in heightening the interest we take alike in the artist, the subject, and the performance. To the halo shed round these sacred relics,

there is added the no less imperishable fame of him by whose art these names are a second time illustrated and immortalized. To think that I behold the identical performance of a Phidias or a Praxiteles, and besides, that I am looking on the correct likeness, the figure, the lineaments, the very person of Demosthenes, Euripides, Æschylus, rivets one to the spot. It "makes us marble with too much conceiving," while lost in this reverie on the mighty dead, in whose venerated presence we stand. It is as if we passed back over the gulf which time had interposed, and were admitted to their society; and in all this the mind is so willingly accessory to its own delusion, that it almost forgets it is a delusion: "we become as it were a part of what has been." Of the authenticity of the two heads of Demosthenes in this Museum, there can be no doubt. They were found, one in Greece and the other at Antium, and are as like as if they were reflections of each other. But it so happens that we are able to put the matter beyond all reasonable question, by their close resemblance to a Hermes of

the orator in bronze, found in Pompeii, which has the name sculptured on the base. It will be observed how remarkably the under lip retreats below and within the upper, which appears almost like malformation, and accounted (to my fancy at least) for the difficulty he found in articulation. It is the mouth of a man you would almost expect to stutter; and there is the peculiar droop of the ears mentioned by authors.

The next piece of sculpture that interested me most was the Hermaphrodite (Borghese), and is accounted, I believe, by the best judges, to be one of the most finished and beautiful specimens of this subject that have been discovered. Certainly it is a very surprising incorporation of the graces of the youth of both sexes. One is lost in wonder how art could impart to cold rigid stone such an appearance of softness palpable. We have a high authority for the merit of this statue. Winkleman is of opinion that it is, beyond all doubt, the work of Polycles. It was discovered in

the beginning of the seventeenth century, near the baths of Dioclesian.

To do what *I feel* to be justice to the *fighting Gladiator*, would require the power of him who described him dying. Whether Greek or Roman, done by Phidias or Michael Angelo, as some will have it, it must be seen to enable one to form any idea of the living energy with which every muscle is exerted, and to which the whole performance lends force in all its details. The attitude combines a twofold movement, warding and striking. With his eye steadily and resolutely fixed on his adversary, the left arm is raised above his head to receive the coming blow, while the right is drawn back in the very act of inflicting revenge. All the sinews and muscles are strained to the utmost; and, from the eager expression of the countenance down to the swollen veins of the foot, it is one intensity of effort, and the whole action so thrown, as it were, into the same instant of time, that the spectator involuntarily sympathizes with his perilous predicament.

There has been a great variety of opinions, whether this sculpture be really Greek; but all the best authorities, I believe, have voted in the affirmative. It is supposed to be one of the four hundred statues which Nero imported from Greece to adorn his Aurea Domus, and was found in Antium in the ruins of the same imperial palace where the Apollo was discovered a century before — just the sort of company in which we might expect to find such a performance. *Noscitur à sociis.*

The Louvre contains, at present, notwithstanding the dilapidations of Blucher, not less than six hundred statues, busts, and reliefs, and twelve hundred paintings, open every day for the benefit of artists and amateurs, and the amusement of the public. On Sunday it is filled to overflowing with all classes, who appear to me to take as much interest in viewing and criticising, as if they were all amateurs of virtû. A good deal of it, I verily believe, is *talk*, little better perhaps than the author has been indulging for the last half hour.

It is, perhaps, not generally known, that the

celebrated David, whose bust occupies a conspicuous place in the gallery of paintings, voted for the decapitation of Louis XVI. At least the royal family may be presumed unacquainted with this part of the history of the artist; or more likely it is their wisdom to appear ignorant, for David is a prodigious favourite with the lower classes: and not the less so for the character of his politics in the days of the revolution, and his attachment to Napoleon.

CHAP. II.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

THOUGH at the risk of tiring my reader with the repetition of a tale that has been told, not thrice, but perhaps three hundred times, I shall solicit his permission to bestow some desultory notice on the popular education of this country; as it may suggest some hints not beneath the attention of those to whom the consideration of the subject belongs among ourselves. When we reflect on the peculiar facilities of access to books, lectures, museums, cabinets, which Paris affords to all classes *gratis*, we have, I think, a ready solution, why the French community at large are so much advanced in civilization and refinement before any other country in the world. With so mature an experiment before our eyes, why then should *we* not adopt some-

thing similar, as far as the difference in the circumstances of the two nations will admit, instead of engaging in new experiments? The authors of our mechanic institutions may assure themselves that their project never will answer the end proposed, so well as if the public had access, without expense or trouble, as in this country, to sources of instruction provided steadily by the State. So long as we have a succession of enthusiasts to stimulate the thing, it may continue for a time to deceive a certain part of the people with signs of vigour; but in reality the patient is only kept from a state of asphyxia by their bellows, and brandy, and fomentations.

In the department of the Seine alone there are some hundreds of public schools for the poor of both sexes, where reading, writing, and accounts, with the elements of drawing, are taught either gratuitously, or for the merest trifle. The greater number are on the same plan as our Bell and Lancaster schools. Two hundred and ninety-four are for very young children. The following is the gross amount of each of the principal of these seminaries.

Schools under maitres de pension, about -	100
Ditto d'instruction mutuelle pour les garçons -	12
Ditto, maitresses d'institution - - - -	51
Ditto, maitresses de pension - - - -	110
Ditto, d'instruction mutuelle pour les jeunes filles -	5
Ditto, primaires d'instruction mutuelle de garçons et de filles - - - - - - - - -	53
Ditto, Chrétiennes (which receive about 1,500 children) - - - - - - - -	22
Ditto, de tout autre enseignment qui donnent la première education aux enfans des deux sexes -	294

Besides these, there are professors of languages, writing-masters, professors of mathematics, and of every science connected with the arts, &c. &c. without number.

N.B. No vacations are allowed but for a few weeks during the season of the vintage.

There is no country in the world where the principle of stimulating genius by reward is made so much use of as in France. It pervades all their national establishments, down to the very humblest schools for the education of the poor; in some of which, if a boy happens to distinguish himself particularly, for his progress in learning and good conduct, he is appointed a teacher, with a fixed salary; and

this, if it is not the boy's own fault, is the sure foundation of a provision for life.

In the more advanced branches of learning, information is had at a rate accommodated to the most moderate means, if not gratis. To the better, and even to the highest classes, it is presented in alluring forms, Minerva relaxing of her sternness and winning you with her smiles. For instance, at the Athenée de Paris, it is a lounge for both sexes, who may, for a very moderate subscription, step in and take refreshment in chemistry, natural history, geography, anatomy, geology, Italian, English, and French literature, poetry, or in almost any other department of knowledge, or the fine arts; and besides, have the free use of an excellent library. Here, too, a conversazione may be enjoyed during the whole day in the company of some of the most eminent *gens de lettres,* to which strangers are as freely admissible as natives, by making merely an application to the proper authority: there is, in short, no age, sex, or condition, overlooked in the general intellectual provision.

Beside a variety of gratuitous schools of

drawing, where merit, as usual, is encouraged by reward, there are what are called *écoles spéciales* of *dessin* and sculpture, which embrace even the humble branches of masonry and carpentry, teaching them on mathematical principles; and so with the other mechanical arts.

It would be wearisome to pursue the detail of a subject already so familiar to every body. I shall merely add, that the interests of the other sex are not less an anxious object of care and provision. Females of the lower order have academies open to them, where they are taught, *gratis*, every kind of handy work to fit them for earning their livelihood, and which, to the shame of our country, are too often filled by men; while women are left to starve, or are driven to the most wretched expedients to exist.

At the different museums models are to be found in every useful branch of art and science, equally free of access to the whole community; and at the *Jardin des Plantes*, which is an university in itself, the latest improvements in gardening and farming may be had without

money and without price, where there are likewise regular courses delivered in every department of natural science and rural economy.

Nor should I pass over the facility of obtaining books. In the streets and outlets about Paris you are presented at every turning with a tier of book stalls, groaning under the learned load, and at extremely low prices, where the meanest sort of people are to be seen turning over title-pages, nocturnâ et diurnâ manu. These stalls I found supplied with abridgments of the most useful authors cut down to the purse, and simplified to the understanding of the most illiterate; and in general, new books can be purchased for less than one third what we pay in England, which is itself of no trifling moment towards the diffusion of knowledge, while very old books may be had for next to nothing.

Not only are the most untoward defects of nature made to give way before the wisdom of national provisions for turning otherwise helpless objects into useful members of society; but by the fruits of their industry, they are soon

enabled to reimburse their instructors for the trouble and cost of their education and maintenance. The lame, the deformed, the dumb, the blind, are all taught trades, in which they frequently arrive at a greater pitch of perfection than many of those who have no natural defects to struggle with. This conversion of the proceeds of industry towards defraying the cost of education I found to be a very prevailing principle in their public schools, the surplus of which is always appropriated to the public charities.*

Again, what a prolific source of scattering knowledge throughout all ranks are the great public libraries! Besides those which are readily accessible without any trouble, or even the form of an application, there is a much greater number *dont l'entrée est très facile,* to

* It were much to be desired that we took the same pains to put the poor in the way of earning bread for themselves. How many burdens it would save the parish! "England," says a modern observer, "is certainly famous for charities to the helpless; but sadly neglects the means of preparing people to help themselves."

which you gain admittance by merely addressing a line to the librarian. Of the first class are the five grand Libraries of Paris, as follow:

	Vols.
Bibliothèque du Roi - - - - -	500,000
——— de Monsieur - -	170,000
——— de la Ville - - -	42,000
——— de Mazarin - - -	93,000

Besides manuscripts, these libraries are provided also with cabinets, maps, globes, &c. In the King's Library there is a pair of the largest astronomical globes I ever saw. They occupy part of two stories of the building, a floor being removed to make room for their enormous circumferences.

The following are among those libraries which I have mentioned as accessible by merely addressing a line to the librarian :—

	Vols.
Libraire d'Institut - - - - -	70,000
——— Cabinet du Roi - - -	50,000
——— Cour de Cassation - - -	30,000
——— Chambre des Députés - -	Do.
——— Université - - - - -	Do.
——— Des Invalides - - - -	25,000
——— Ecole Polytechnique - -	24,000
——— Tribunal de Première Instance	20,000

	Vols.
Libraire Seminaire St. Sulpice -	17,000
——— Ministère des Affaires Etrangeres - - - - - - - - -	15,000
——— Jardin du Roi - - - - -	13,000
——— Depôt des Cartes et de la Marine - - - - - - - -	12,000
——— Archives - - - - - -	10,000
——— Chambre des Pairs - -	10,000
——— Ministère de l'Intérieur	Do.
——— Conservatoire des Arts -	Do.
——— Depôt des Cartes et des Plans de Guerre - - - - - -	Do.
——— Prefecture de Police - -	8,000
——— Ministère de la Justice -	Do.
——— Depôt Central de l'Artillerie	6,000
——— Ecole Royale des Mines -	Ditto
——— Ecole de Musique et de Declamation - - - - - - -	5,000
——— Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées	4,000
——— Ministère de la Guerre -	Do.
——— Musée Royale - - - - -	3,000
——— Imprimerie Royale - - -	Do.
——— Observatoire - - - - -	2,000
——— Ministère de la Marine -	1,500
——— Missions Etrangeres - -	1,200
——— Cabinet du Roi—des Avocats, &c.	

All open without respect to persons, favour, or affection.

At the Bibliothèque du Roi, to which I chiefly resorted, any book might be had immediately by merely giving in its name to the librarian, or his sub., who are in constant attendance from ten till two o'clock; and you have a table to sit down at, furnished with implements for writing, where you may be as completely at your ease, and enjoy your abstraction as free from all noise and interruption, as if enclosed within your own study. I spent every day that I could find leisure, in this noble library; but could not divest myself of feeling some uncomfortable sense of obligation at receiving so many attentions, and being put in the way of so much solid enjoyment, while I recollected how little Englishmen have it in their power to return the compliment at home. In London there is no well-stored library open for consultation; the great portion being repositories of trashy novels, or merely ephemeral publications, and these are only accessible at a very high rate. The reason is, there

is such a rage for reading in clubs in London, that all the best books are collected there; so that it is not worth a bookseller's while to keep a library open for the few extra customers he might find for more *recherché* study.

By these various means of intellectual improvement, so bountifully supplied, the whole force of the public mind is drawn out; and the humblest aspirant after knowledge may have ample opportunities of turning his talents to account. Nor do these details apply exclusively to Paris: all the chief towns are provided, more or less, with the same description of intellectual resources. With respect to the peasantry, the number of schools spread over the country is so great, that it is rare to find any one so ignorant as to be unable to read and write. Besides, there are great numbers of lecturers, who instruct the farmers in the sciences connected with agriculture and rural economy. These lecturers are themselves farmers, and frequently form associations to carry on the laudable design of diffusing information in their vicinity; and in the towns

the better sort of mechanics and shopkeepers occasionally do the same.

The effect even of this mere intellectual discipline I cannot give in any other words so well, as those of a very intelligent French gentleman, to whom I feel myself greatly indebted for many acts of disinterested kindness, in procuring me information, or access to information, on the institutions of his country.

"Never was there," says Mons. Marie, "a higher respect paid to moral conduct in this country than at the present moment: all the relations of life are respectably filled. *Mauvais ménage* in any class is rarely heard of, in comparison of its frequency before the revolution; so completely in error are those who represent the education of our lower orders as productive of vice and insubordination. Young persons now, instead of idling, as in former days, or turning to vicious courses, are occupied, as soon as they leave school, in contriving plans for their future maintenance. They eagerly look for some employment in which their education may be turned to account, and to

relieve their parents of the burden of their support, — the wealthy for situations under government; while those in needy circumstances place their hopes in trade. But whether they succeed in these speculations or not, all continue to pursue knowledge with eagerness. Intrigues of gallantry, which used to be so common, are comparatively rare; neither sex having the same inclination nor temptations to it as formerly, while without any rational pursuit to divert the mischief of idleness. The women are far better educated; and reading has much weaned them from frivolous amusements. Yet the priests, and particularly the Jesuits, are anxious to spread the opinion that the education of the lower classes, so far from a benefit, has been subversive of morality: but this anxiety is fully explained, when it is considered how much less easy, in consequence of education, the people are to be duped by their superstitious awe of these unprincipled beggars, than they were in times past." Ignorance and superstition have ever been most prolific of vice; and if mere intellectual instruction

is so beneficial, its alliance with Christianity how much more!

With respect to the system of popular instruction in our mechanics' institutions in England, I think it has one very important advantage. By being completely independent of *patronage*, the best security is provided that it shall not be hurtfully interfered with by their superiors. The interest which the people are likely to take in any association set on foot by their own exertions, and to which they contribute by their purse, must be much deeper than if it depended upon the protection* of their superiors, however apparently disinterested. The chief defect, I see, in the present popular system of education, is one in which it resembles the French system too closely. The projectors of it have made no sure provision whatever for *religious* instruc-

* By this protection, I mean only the casual patronage of individuals, which must be very liable to be capricious; not the parental protection of the State, which, under certain regulations, to be hereafter noticed, I conceive not liable to this objection.

tion. Mr. Brougham published, about two years ago, a pamphlet, entitled "Practical Observations on the Education of the People;" in which, if the impression on my mind be correct, our religion never obtains the slightest notice; and we are at liberty, I think, to believe that the author attaches no importance to it himself: if he did, the omission could not readily have occurred from design; and it is very improbable that it should have been the result of accident. With all my respect for Mr. Brougham's talents, I own I look with great suspicion on the benefit of any plan of popular education, which not only does not include our religion as a part, but which does not make it the foundation. In that work, to be sure, *ethics* are by no means overlooked: on the contrary, we are especially reminded of the edification which men are to receive in this department from the Essays of Bacon. "Nothing," says he, "is so attractive to the Scotch as the profound wisdom of every day's application, sustained by unbounded learning, and embellished by the most brilliant

fancy, which so richly furnishes every page of the Essays of Bacon." Now, let it be remembered by the way, that of all great authorities which could be cited, perhaps few or none are to be found more devoted to the cause of Christianity than Bacon, though the work in question has no special bearing on the subject; nor have we reason to suppose the most orthodox promoter of public morals, if undertaking such a task as Mr. Brougham has set himself, would insist more unconditionally for Christianity making a part, and the most essential part of popular instruction, than the learned Chancellor himself would have done. Indeed, as if this great man foresaw that religion and ethics were likely to be confounded, he pointedly and warily observes, that "true ethics are but the handmaid to divinity."

The very mention of *ethics* I regard as some proof that the omission in question in respect to religion could not be accidental. The connexion between them is too close and immediate to allow us to suppose that the one should have suggested itself to the author's

mind without the other. I infer, therefore, that its rejection or exclusion from the "Practical Observations," was the result of positive intention. It is impossible to suppose that any person who felt the least respect for Christianity, sitting down seriously to compose a treatise on popular education, and urging it purely, as he has done, on the principle of "raising the character;" should never once have alluded to the first morality the world were ever taught—the morality of the gospel. And yet, as if his exclusive respect for a mere system of morals were not sufficiently emphatic and distinct to answer his purpose, he, in another place, adds, "one can hardly conceive a greater benefit than those would confer who should make a judicious selection from our best authors upon *ethics*."

On all other topics but our religion, there is no lack of every due attention. Mr. B. insists at large on the benefit of cheapening works on party politics, with the view of qualifying the mob to discuss the affairs of the nation; and though hardly two of their betters can agree on

political economy, recommends its study as a prime object of their pursuit. It is true, he may choose to consider that every working man is sufficiently informed on religious subjects before he reaches the age of an adult. But is this the fact? How does Mr. Brougham find it in respect to himself? He may argue, that while the churches are open, any mention of the matter would be superfluous. But are the churches attended? It may be said, that if the Scriptures were made a part of popular discussion, it would lead to *acrimonious* differences. Books on theology Mr. Brougham expressly excludes, "on account of the various sects men belong to." But are there not sects in politics; and are the opinions of these sectaries less liable to run into acrimony? Is it necessary in either case to assume that men must carry on hostile discussions? But why make discussion any part of the system of popular education at all? May not a man learn his religion, and even his political economy, without making them the subjects of a debating club? Mr. Brougham warns his operatives, it

is true, against getting too much into debate; and, to avoid an explosion, recommends, with great nicety of calculation, the assemblage of debaters not to exceed twenty; this number he thinks being safer than thirty, (vide "Practical Observations.") Upon the whole, whoever weighs these indications maturely, cannot fail, I think, to conclude that Mr. Brougham sets no value on Christianity whatever; nay, that he is positively unfriendly to it: and if so, will it be very uncharitable to question whether he is exactly the fittest of all persons to have either influence or direction over our national education! Let him hold Christianity in what contempt he may, does he, as a moralist or legislator, pretend to say that there is any code of ethics under heaven equal to the Christian, for securing public and private virtue? or any other bond of union in any rank of mankind, so strong as the principles it inculcates? Seeing what philosophy has been able to achieve for the most illustrious nations of antiquity, it surely is not to *her* he wishes the world again to look for a substitute. But

it is alleged, that although our faith is not especially insisted upon as making a part of the new scheme of popular instruction; yet as men's minds get to be more enlightened, it may be expected to follow in its train; or if not exactly the Christian faith, something equally as good, to the authority of which the conscience of every illuminated man will be equally amenable. Now, as to building our immortal hopes securely on a foundation of philosophy, the Scriptures are so expressly, positively, and diametrically opposed to any such vain imagination, that I must infer the stickler for such a doctrine either disbelieves them *in toto*, or that he is wholly ignorant of their contents; there being hardly any delusion about which they take more pains to undeceive us, than a proud confidence in the powers of unassisted reason for revealing the inscrutable things of eternity. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

Speaking of the philosophy of the people in France, the same authority I have already

quoted, admits, "That although knowledge is diffused very generally through the lowest orders both in the army and civil life, and through the extensive class next above them, such as shopkeepers, employés dans les bureaux, &c., perhaps more generally than in the corresponding classes of any other nation, yet is there much less of what is called religion; *in fact, no religion at all, excepting such as every man chooses to construct for his own private use.*"

If Mr. Brougham withdraws the authority of revelation, what security is there given for sound principle, and fair dealing, and the kindly affections, while it is left for philosophy to supply each individual with the matter of his creed, and peculiar construction of a good or bad action? How abominably horrible to contemplate being left to the mercy of a man's philosophy, as the only check upon his passions; who may as well take it into his head to think cutting my throat as sound a piece of ethics as cutting his own. Instead of a morality in which all are agreed, we should have a system squared to every man's taste: some

preferring the piety of Hume, would regard "adultery as but a slight offence when known, when secret (like Spartan theft), no offence at all;" or, with others of the same school, marriage would be regarded as the "worst of monopolies." What might we not expect from whigs perverting their talents in abusing government, and rendering themselves in every way obnoxious to their rulers, only to enhance their sale price, and then, spite of Bacon's Essays, truckling to the minister when a good opportunity occurred? In short, this most flexible and convenient philosophy makes conscience speak what language it pleases.

If it is objected, that I am guilty throughout these remarks of venting a great deal of unmerited suspicion on the religious creed of the author of the "Practical Observations on the Education of the People," I can only answer, if the subject is *important at all, it is all important;* it is one where no well-wisher to our religion or our country, above all, no instructor of youth, should act so equivocally as to allow of the inference being drawn, whether from *omission,*

or *commission*, that he attaches no value to it as a part of instruction. So long as Tubal Cain confines himself to his province of an "institutor of artificers" in arts and sciences, all is well enough; but when he sets up for a "guide to the blind, a light to those which are in darkness, an instructor of the foolish, a teacher of babes," a raiser of character, then something more is wanted than chemistry or party politics. If we allow that these things should be done, yet ought he not to have left the other undone. "Wo unto you, ye lawyers, for ye have taken away the key of knowledge. Ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered."

Mr. Brougham somewhere extols in high terms the admirable system of Fellenberg of Houwfl; but can he have overlooked, that Fellenberg makes religion the very basis and essence of his whole plan? "Religion, practical agriculture, reading, writing, arithmetic, a little elementary geography, and natural history," constitute the course of the instruction of this celebrated teacher, which is begun at the age

of five, and continued until twenty-one. "Pour les pauvres," says he, "c'est en dirigeant vers le travail à la fois leur main, leur esprit, et leur cœur, qu'on les conduire à l'aisance et à l'amour de la vertu, et que leur cœur soit ouverte aux douces et salutaires impressions *de la religion et de la morale.*"

Mr. Brougham's long residence in Scotland, and his acquaintance with the state of its public morals and education, ought not to have permitted his falling into so gross an error as to the value of a good foundation of Christianity for the lower classes. Here it is, above every other part of the world, that religion is paid the strictest regard to. The schools for the poor are absolutely an integral part of the church discipline, being constantly visited by the clergy, and the scholars examined, at stated periods, as a bounden part of their duty. What is the consequence? In after life the moral conduct of this people is proverbial, and keeps pace with their advancement in every other kind of improvement. What is it but the pains which are taken with their religious instruction,

early begun, and steadily enforced through life, which obtains for the Scotch the proud distinction of having their country quoted on all occasions as an example among nations of every useful virtue? and by none quoted more emphatically and frequently than by Mr. Brougham himself.

While earnestly recommending the people to form themselves into conversational clubs, Mr. B. observes, "the only considerable evils which they will have to avoid, are being too numerous, and falling too much into debate;" and, rather foreseeing the tendency of these *conversaziones* to degenerate, he, as we have noticed, limits the *entré* to between twenty and thirty, preferring rather the former than the latter number. But will not a good deal depend upon the place of meeting? and if an ale-house, the quality and the quantity of ale, the question in debate, and the state of parties? Supposing his scheme to take very generally, and to occupy all the vacant moments of every sort of workman and labourer who can "spare an hour every other day," what recipe

has he in readiness against the ordinary frailties of such unpractised orators, and the too probable preference of the *argumentum bacchalinum?* Has the possibility never occurred to him, that two or three Irishmen might throw all the fat in the fire, if their "character were raised a little too high" on the Catholic question? Mr. Brougham, methinks, might make some allowance himself for a little indiscretion on so seductive a topic as the queen's trial; nor would it be easy to answer for how far even cautious Sawney might be carried, if touched a little in the raw on the honours of the modern Athens. The debating club is certainly a most pugnacious idea. "Why may not party politics," asks Mr. Brougham, quite sure of his case, "as well as general, be treated of in cheap publications?" to which I answer, "why may not whiskey be cheapened to the purse of every man who has a taste for it?" 'ut vinum ægrotis (for vinum read whiskey), quia prodest rarò, nocet sæpissimè, melius est non adhibere omninò, quàm spe dubiæ salutis in apertam perniciem incurrere.'

That popular education requires regulation and direction, as much as other benefits bestowed on the people, there can be no doubt. To leave the choice of books and studies arbitrary, I conceive very objectionable. There are, perhaps, two-thirds of mankind doomed to drudgery for existence; and to such it is of the last consequence, that none but the most necessary and useful kind of knowledge should occupy their time, during the few hours of the week which they may be able to snatch from their sleep or their toil. If the cargo must be very small, it ought for that reason to be of the very best quality that can be had. An acquaintance with the Bible, and his religious duties, are the most that a drudge of this description can be expected to cultivate, if he is even able to do so much: but while no restraint is put upon the kind of books he chooses to read, it is obvious that his valuable moments may as readily be squandered upon things unprofitable as the contrary.

Mr. B. calculates a great deal upon the odd Franklin and Watts he may be able to hew out

of his intellectual quarry, as repayment for a great deal of unproductive *matériel.* But if the same pains should be sufficient, with proper direction, to enlighten the great mass of the labouring classes in a knowledge of their duties to God and their fellow-creatures, would not these pains be better bestowed on such an object? If we were to have at the rate of a Franklin a year, or even an annual author of "Practical Observations on Popular Education," it would not be an equivalent for the neglected religious instruction of the class he belongs to. I say this without the most distant wish to disparage Mr. B.'s laudable intentions of benefiting the human race; but I think he would not do his duty, who, discerning the fact, should, from any feeling of delicacy, fail to tell him that he has already been too long occupying himself about things more specious than profitable. The more I reflect on the very wild idea of occupying the place of religious instruction by teaching algebra, or even his favourite Bacon's ethics, to the mob, had the thing come from any one of less

known discretion than Mr. B., I should have thought it furnished a case sufficiently clear for the Chancellor to take under his protection.

There is no opinion our modern educationists try to turn into greater ridicule, than that the giving scientific or refined instruction to *any* class of the people, should have the effect of making them idle, or tend to diminish their usefulness. The following passage from a volume which has just made its appearance, entitled, "Sketches in Persia," will shew that this opinion is, however, not so *very* chimerical. "At Ispahan," says the author, "almost every man above the very lowest order can read and write; and artisans and shopkeepers are often as familiar as those of the higher ranks with the works of their favourite poets. The love of such learning seems, in some of the youth of this city, to degenerate into a disease. These Tâlib-ool-Ilm, or seekers of science, as the students are called, may be seen in crowds round the gates, or within the walls of their colleges, reciting stanzas, or discussing obscure dogmas or doctrines in their works on philo-

sophy or religion; and they often become, from such habits, unfitted for every other pursuit in life." This is fact; and one page of fact is, at any time, worth a whole volume of practical observations which are not bottomed on practice.

A great deal of detail is taken up in the "Practical Observations," with the means of procuring lecturers, and debating-rooms, and books, and book-clubs, &c., all of which must cost much, both in money and trouble, and perhaps the supply, after all, none of the best. Why, then, to revert to the method pursued in France, should our Government not undertake the supply themselves, either in whole or in part? The State is the guardian of our religion. Is there any thing to forbid its extending some share of guardianship to adult education? What reasonable objection is there to libraries, lecture-rooms, and museums, being thrown open here, any more than in France? If Mr. B. fears the blighting influence of patronage, and I think he is quite right to stand on his guard against it where there is any pro-

bability of its operation, let the people defray part of the expense by a trifling subscription, so as to give them at once a *right* and an *interest* in the plan. The expense to each individual need not be one half what it would cost them for miserable accommodations of their own procuring, such as Mr. Brougham specifies, and which must imply a degree of continued and voluntary effort, that he may assure himself he calculates on very chimerically from the multitude.

Government could have elementary works printed at a very cheap rate in every science, with which not only the metropolis, but, as in France, every great town in the kingdom might be supplied. By adopting this plan, sources of instruction would be open constantly, so as to suit the purse of the humblest individual. A great deal of the success of Mr. Brougham's scheme must depend, as he admits himself, "upon a right course being taken, proper rules laid down, fit subjects selected for lecture, good teachers, &c." Now all these difficulties are easily obviated by the

proposal in question, which makes the State provide both the materials and the direction, without giving the people the smallest trouble: and in either case the principle of independence, I conceive, may be equally secured. Popular education, to be durable and efficient, must be freely accessible as matter of right, and even if the State should shew a disposition to meddle,—a thing in every way most improbable,—let it be remembered that the people would still have it in their power to withdraw, and adopt any new measures they might think necessary. But it is clear, that while so ready a retreat upon their own resources lay open to them, the Government would not be so stupid as to interfere, when nothing could be gained by so doing. Even in despotic France, lectures, museums, and libraries, are open all the year round; and there has never been an attempt, that I know of, to meddle in any shape with the liberty of any class of readers, to approach those fountains of knowledge, and to drink as long and as largely as they liked.

But though my proposal were ever so free

from objection, I confess I have very little idea that our Government would take one step towards putting it in practice. It never has been its habit to take an interest in advancing the instruction of the grown population. Hume, the historian, tells us, "The only encouragement which the Sovereign in England has ever given to any thing that has the appearance of science, was a short-lived establishment of James the First, to teach controversial divinity at Chelsea;" and Lord Bacon wished for the foundation of a lecture on natural philosophy, and could not accomplish it. We cannot wonder, then, at our mechanic institutions coming into existence, and that the people should have been led to undertake providing for themselves what they could not hope for from any other quarter. And if the State takes no interest in this matter in the present times, while we are governed by a Sovereign so enlightened and beneficent, and who has himself so high an estimate for the public blessing of education, we may, I think, for ever despair of its being attempted at all.

But, after all that has been said, I am persuaded that no more impression is likely to be made on a stickler for the mechanics' institution than upon the hide of Leviathan. Though an admirable institution, it is a hobby which has been ridden more unmercifully than any other in the present day, with the exception of joint stock companies. On the contrary, I should be fully prepared to hear it contended, if these institutions languished or fell to the ground, that the accident ought by no means to affect the validity of the plan, or the sage reasonings by which it was supported; just as the famous doctor was so wedded to a particular theory he was pursuing with his patient, that even after he saw him dead as Hercules, nothing could induce him to believe the fact; at least he positively maintained, that he ought not to have died against the evidence of so many good reasons to the contrary.

That these mechanic institutions, imperfect as they are in the principle of vitality, may yet do a great deal of good in drawing forth the talent of some of the lower classes, and per-

haps in stimulating the higher, no one, I think, can fairly doubt. That a different plan might be both more permanent, and do more extensive good, especially to the classes which are doomed to hard labour for subsistence, I conceive to be equally obvious, and I think it no less practicable.

CHAP. III.

15th.—Every wellwisher to his species must regret that the French Government have taken the education of the rising generation wholly from under lay-direction, and placed it under a set of men so proverbially the enemies of all liberal knowledge, as the Jesuits. In the primary schools there is hardly any thing taught but catechisms or abridgments of the Bible or Testament, children's stories, and different kinds of frivolous reading. The grand object appears to be to lay so firm and complete a substratum of catholicism as to be immovable through after life, and that may render the subjects of his Majesty and the priesthood sufficiently tractable for their future uses. In the army, too, the same innovation has been

introduced, and the *sous-officier* who hitherto had taught the schools of mutual instruction, is now replaced by a confounded *curé*, and the teachers reduced to one half the number. The humblest of these schools in any part of France, must have the sanction of Government before they can be opened. But the Government may assure themselves the period is long past for indulging any feasible hope of extinguishing the light which has been diffused, unless they discover some means by which the hand of time may be put back. The impulse already given must go on irresistibly, nay, the more irresistibly for any opposition that may be thrown in the way. In this conflict between light and darkness, the elements of opinion are already put in motion; and let their rulers beware how they force them into collision.

From all I can gather, nothing is more certain, than that these people are still labouring under a very incurable dissatisfaction with the results of the peace. The present project of M. Peyronnet to restrain the liberty of the press,

has lent no small force to their jealousy of the present Government; and, considering the awful experience they had in former times, seems certainly a most unaccountable temerity. If it were merely one or two acts of an arbitrary nature they were trying to carry, they might be overlooked, or at least have the benefit of some equivocal interpretation; but when a number of convergent measures are attempted at the same time, the tendency of which is alike hostile to the spirit of the charter and the wishes of the people, surely little farther proof is necessary to convince them of the *animus* that presides in the councils of the nation. But, after all, it is only themselves the people have to thank for the whole. They committed a sad and most irretrievable oversight at the restoration. Before they allowed Louis XVIII. to put one of his gouty feet on the beach at Calais, they should have presented him, as we did in a similar conjuncture, with a bill of rights, as the positive and peremptory condition of his being accepted for their sovereign.

The attempts of Government to trammel the education of the rising generation is the more inexcusable and unaccountable, as it has been clearly ascertained, that the quantity of crime is invariably less where knowledge is most universal; and what one might suppose no Government would be likely to overlook for their own sakes, — the taxes are much more cheerfully paid. As a remarkable instance, the department of the Correze exhibits a greater amount of foul crimes than either the Creuze or the Haute Vienne; and it is well known that since the revolution, omitting the fatal crisis of 1790 and 1794, crimes have not only been much less frequent, but that comfort and security have prevailed every where, just in proportion as education has been more diffused. An English gentleman, some time resident in France, and well acquainted with the existing condition of the peasantry, assures me their industry and frugality are truly exemplary, and that they are, upon the whole, much better off than the correspondent classes in England; and, as to morals, with wine almost for nothing, there is

hardly an instance of intoxication or intemperance to be met with; but, on the contrary, that they are, almost without exception, orderly, kind, cheerful, industrious, and contented.

The portrait of Charles X., by Sir Thomas Lawrence, has a very conspicuous place in the Louvre, on the left of the door as you enter the great saloon. His Majesty is drawn in his robes, standing before the throne in an easy attitude, with his left foot advanced, and holding the sceptre in his right hand; the end of which rests upon a crimson velvet cushion, bearing the crown and other regalia. Had I no better evidence of the merit of the performance, the tone in which I heard that merit admitted by a French artist—for he *did* admit it—was conclusive. His praises were certainly the dullest antithesis to the laudatory that ever I heard from the lips of a Frenchman.

I find there is hardly an imaginable form of privation that is not provided for by some appropriate establishment. When a Frenchman would indulge a vein of boasting of his country, let him not forget its public charities, for they

are admirable. One of the happiest of these provisions appears to me, that which supplies the poor with food and medicine at their own habitations. Their number is considerable; and as they are kept constantly in a state of effectiveness to meet a pressing exigence, there is little risk of the poor being very suddenly overtaken by any thing like absolute want. With us, when a failure of crops or a stagnation of trade bring distress in their train, we have our benevolent societies too frequently to form, or enormous subscriptions must be raised from the private purses of individuals, while our high roads are, perhaps, covered with a strike of Manchester cotton-spinners, calling out for food, and in need of every thing that can render the load of their existence endurable: and as funds raised in this sort of way must be liable to be soon exhausted, the same misery perpetually recurs; one of the worst effects of which species of relief is, that it begets a habit of complaining, where the actual degree of distress may be

very equivocal; so that when real miseries occur, they are in danger of being overlooked:

uti mox
Nulla fides damnis, *veris*que doloribus adsit.

The mere infirmity of age has numerous asylums for both sexes, where they are maintained in comfort, I had almost said in a degree of luxury. We might search the whole world, perhaps, and not meet with another institution to be compared with the Salpetrière for every thing that can mitigate the wretchedness of declining years, in alliance with every species of affliction both of mind and body. Another asylum, which struck me as having special claims to the admiration of the philanthropist, is a house of refuge for repentant prisoners under sentence of capital punishment. When a prisoner has given long and tried proof of his sincere contrition for any crime, however deep its complexion, he is sent hither, and in the course of time obtains letters from the King, either commuting the sentence for pardon at once, or some punishment in a mitigated form.

There are not less than nineteen establishments for privation and misery in one shape or other in Paris, all under the direction and supported at the sole expense of Government.

It may be supposed that the many happy provisions and asylums for the poor with which this country abounds would rather tend to increase than repress the number of paupers, by offering, as Mr. Pitt said, "a premium to idleness." This evil is, however, effectually prevented by the vigilance of the police, who accurately inform themselves of the particulars of every man's character and circumstances. If a beggar is once convicted of taking up with his vagabond occupation, without sufficient reason, or some decided claim to protection, on the second offence he is sent to prison.

Those who beg in the streets have an express permission for the purpose, which is only granted under peculiar circumstances; and this will account for their being less importunate than they are with us. Tell a French beggar you have nothing for him, and he retreats with a bow.

17th. — Returned from viewing the house of Voltaire; and a more wretched picture of desolation cannot be imagined; no, not excepting the abomination spoken of by Daniel. The windows are kept closed, and seem as if they would fall to pieces. The canvass on the shutters is black, and peeling off; and the iron bars of the deserted balcony appear not to have parted with one atom of the accumulated rust of forty or fifty years. Looking through a broken casement on the ground floor, you get a melancholy peep into a chaos of rubbish just discernible through darkness horrible, which leaves a very heavy weight on the spirits—at least it did so upon mine. Never, surely, was there a more *appropriate* monument: certainly nothing expressly monumental of stone or mortar could, with the same effect, so emblematically represent the gloomy horrors of his desolating and dreary philosophy.

Within a few doors, at a boutique of curiosities, was shewn to me the identical writing-box in which the philosopher of Ferney held his papers when he travelled; the impression

of his seal and initials in wax being still distinct near to the lock, with which he sealed it for greater security. Would only that this box, and all other depositories of his papers, had been true to their trust to the present hour! There was also a cabaret and breakfast service for tea and coffee, of Dresden china, which he brought from Prussia, after his memorable visit to Frederick. They were for sale; but as I think we already have too many mementos of the man at home, I had no fancy to add to the number by becoming a purchaser.

Never was I more disappointed with music than at the Opéra Italien last Wednesday. The entertainment was the "Donna del Lago." The Donna, a thickish, short, round-faced, "full-blown blonde," with rather good-humoured features, but destitute of the smallest pretensions to voice. I was really glad to make my escape before the second act. The orchestra band was, however, capital. Without any efforts, *pour briller*, by any instrument more than the rest, ambitious of attracting a bravo, all was in due subordination to the singer; and

vigilantly scrupulous of entering into his manner and feeling, which I conceive to be the very perfection of the art of accompaniment; and without which, indeed, it does not deserve the name. As to the vocal performers, my visit to this theatre has completely fixed an opinion which I have long entertained, that an opera of Rossini's, to go off well, must have its obligato parts performed in obligato style of excellence. Nothing short of *excellence* will do: neither gods, men, nor columns, can permit mediocrity here, which deprives the whole piece of character, and reduces it to a sort of tame beauty; which inspires no passion or feeling of any sort, but weariness. Any executive defect in the leading parts of Rossini's music is, I think, more felt than in any other composer's of equal celebrity; and the reason is plain, the effect so peculiarly depends upon the exquisite taste of the air and melody. Here it is that all the witchery resides. But as to the quantum of enjoyment which is to be derived from the best music, we must all admit, I believe, that as much depends upon the auditor being in tune himself, as the voice or

the instrument, and this ought to make us extremely cautious of advancing an opinion, especially a derogatory one, the first time of hearing a piece. Besides, I am apt to think that I expected too much,—a fault which surely may be forgiven to any one in the least conversant with this master's compositions. Of the merits of the Donna, of course, there can be but one opinion: but as to the performers, I really think I am liberal in the admission, when I say that there were not above one or two good *second*-rate singers in the whole gaudy troop, male or female; and Don Roderick himself could barely pass muster. To complete the whole, the costume of the Highlanders was a barbarous outrage; making them look more like a banditti of Spanish guerillas, than a warlike clan of our kilted mountaineers.

At the house of the Countess Beljoyoso met to-day the celebrated Madame Grassini, who I thought had for many long years been enjoying the company of the harmonious sisters in another world. She is in excellent health

and spirits, and intends visiting England in a short time, once more to delight, perhaps rather to astonish us. She says Catalani has lost many of her high notes, but obtained a complement in exchange of low. I should much doubt their being an equivalent. The revolution in Grassini is the reverse. Instead of the delightful contralto, which in years past,

> " As she sung, would have the prison'd soul,
> And lap it in Elysium,"

her voice is now a mezzo soprano. How far the alteration may be for the better, I have not heard: but whatever it is, I should think the raciness of tone cannot be much improved by being fifty years in bottle. She seems a most charming person, and her manners of the first order of captivation.

From all I can hear and learn, I augur now thing but mischief, should M. Pyronnet's *projet* for trammelling the press be suffered to pass. If public opinion has not vent through this channel, it must, sooner or later, find another, and one probably the Government may like as

little. True it is, that before the revolution the nation long and patiently endured the agonies of suppressed opinion; but let us bear in mind how long they had been strangers to any thing like freedom. The experiment of open, manful remonstrance would have been a fearful venture, while a *lettre de cachet* hung over their heads, and they were ignorant of their strength. The insane abettors of this bill appear to have forgotten that they live in the nineteenth, not in the sixteenth century. The benefit of history is thrown away upon them. It is thrown away upon them that England has experimentally proved that the liberty of the press is the best bulwark of our religion and constitution, by enlightening men to appreciate the value of both. It seems lost upon them too, that there is no possible mode of getting at an acquaintance with the true interests of the governed, but through the free publication of opinion: or if they do know these things, they force us into the conclusion that their object is in reality not the suppression of the *licentiousness* of the press, as they would have it believed, but a

step towards the restoration of absolute government. But if they may justly stifle the publication of printed opinions, then I ask, why not spoken opinions? It is in truth and in effect but one step from putting down the printer to gagging the talker. To speak of a free representation of the people, without allowing the people the power of freely expressing their sentiments, is a solecism in language and in legislation. A Frenchman asked me to-day why there should not be a check upon *aristocratic* licentiousness as well as popular licentiousness. "Human nature being the same in both, is there," said he, "any good reason why there should not be *a mutual* guarantee for the good behaviour of both? The history of your own country is a pregnant proof of the attachment which a free press begets for a free constitution, which you know, said he, spite of the most frightful commotions and rudest shocks, always righted again mainly, if not solely, through its instrumentality." So fully do I coincide with this view of the subject, that I am convinced, if her navigators do not look

sharp, the French vessel of state will soon be on her beam ends. Is it consistent with what we know of ourselves, that we are to be made better men or better subjects for being obliged to suppress the sentiments which truth and conviction leave us no option to embrace or reject; and that when aggrieved, we are to be denied the last consolation of the miserable,—that of telling our grievances to those who have the power to redress them? Let a press-restrictor only try the experiment in his own family. If he be a father, let him try it with his children, and see whether even the instinctive force of filial reverence would be disposed tamely to submit to a total surrender of the liberty of complaining in any point where they might feel their interests tyrannically invaded. It is said, *au pis aller*, if the minister cannot manage to carry his *projet* by any other means, fair or foul, he has advised the King to create sixty new peers. Better,—or I am far astray in my French politics,—better Charles X. you had never left your *pension* in Holyrood House.

One of the least equivocal signs of the times

is the open, fearless manner in which the French give their opinions. No attention is paid to time or place—in the street, or the café; with a friend, or in a crowd, native or stranger,—they talk out and loud, and seem to bid defiance to what any one thinks. One of these coffee-house politicians delivered himself the other day to the following effect:—"If our rulers are anxious for bringing about the old state of things, it would be much less offensive to be more explicit. At present they add hypocrisy to insult: they would have it believed that the restrictions of the press are intended for preserving the morals of the nation, and vapour a great deal about its licentiousness, as an enormous and a growing evil, embarrassing and clogging the operations of the Government. "C'est en dirigeant sans cesse," says our minister, "contre l'administration des accusations *mensongeries* qu'on lui enlève cette force morale, dont elle a besoin pour la bonne direction et la marche des affaires." But what has a sound Government, he added, or a pure religion, to apprehend from the freest discussion?

So much the reverse; it is *that* government, and *that* religion alone which will not bear the truth, that are the just objects of suspicion; and when we see men loving darkness more than light, we do not want a régime of Jesuits to tell us what common sense as well as religion says in such a case. If some occasional inconveniencies do now and then spring from a free press, where is the good under the sun without its alloy?* But granting that the press were guilty of any flagrant violations of decency or duty, when a clear case is made out, why not let the proper remedy be applied? We have law courts to decide; and why should

* That there may be circumstances in which a country would not be benefited by a free press, I conceive very possible, *e. g.* in the infancy of a political society torn by faction, such as Greece. Before men have acquired any just views of the value of liberty, and while the elements of a state are in their chaos, a free press would be almost as objectionable a gift as a magazine of gun-powder for the common use of the parties at variance: but when a free constitution has once been established, it is then, most indisputably, its best palladium.

not governments, as well as individuals, stand upon the basis of their own character, when assailed by calumny? If it be calumny, it is to be hoped they have nothing to fear,—if wholesome truth, the sooner they know it the better. We are accused severely for writing and speaking contemptuously of religion, and of the Jesuits. If the absurdities or vices of these men be such as to bring both the religion and the teacher into bad odour with all rational men; to what service can the press be more fitly consecrated than in exposing these things, together with their authors?

There was a time when we were disposed to have settled in a rational Christianity, and such I believe were the ultimate views of the Emperor himself; but the gross conduct, the disgusting *forfanterie** of these spiritual char-

* If we attend to the language which the Romish Catechism puts into the mouths of both children and grown up persons, we shall be obliged to admit that this gentleman did not very much overcharge his account of these impostors. The Catechism exacts the following admission: Sacram Scripturam, juxta eum sensum quem tenuit et tenet Sancta Mater

latans has completely annihilated every chance of so happy an event." Such was the purport of this gentleman's tirade, and such nearly the opinion of every intelligent Frenchman whom I have happened to hear deliver himself on these subjects.

18th.—Visited Notre Dame. This cathedral is considered by the French one of the most magnificent samples of their antique church architecture: it is a mixture of the Gothic and Arabic. I am no architect; but it strikes me those 120 enormous columns or buttresses, which form the double colonnade, extending the whole length of the church, and which

Ecclesiæ, cujus est judicare de vero sensu et interpretatione Sanctarum Scripturarum, admitto. This surrender of himself every one must make, though he may never have read a chapter, or have seen a copy of the Scriptures in his life; nay, though he may positively have been *hindered* from perusing them by the very priest who exacts this subscription to their contents. The people tell you the clergy make no scruple of saying that the Bible is a very dangerous possession; to be caught reading it they consider an infallible sign of freethinking.

appear to me to belong to no order of architecture since the deluge, give an appearance of heaviness more in keeping with a prison or a dungeon than a temple. I entered the church just as the morning service had closed, and was fortunately in time to be present at the operations of an *école Chrétienne.* About 150 children, from the age of five to ten, were gabbling at the same moment something exceedingly unintelligible to my most inquisitive ear. Two priests officiated en pedagogue. The lesson, I could see, was from the breviary; but the evolutions of kneeling, and performing the sign of the cross, evidently were by far the most important part of the business. The whole resembled a drill, in which padre was flugelman. When he crossed himself, so did they; and no awkward squad ever copied with a more eager observance.

The leading view Napoleon had in promoting popular education, beside that of raising a nursery for men of talent, was to attach all classes to his government, by opening to all alike the road of ambition. The people saw some of his

first Generals had risen from the ranks, and the poorest peasant looking to nothing short of a *bâton* for his son, starved himself to afford him an education. In this way the odium of the conscription became very much merged in the hope with which every man flattered himself, from his chance in the common lottery of honour and glory.

19th.—So severe a February I never remember. Ever since our arrival the changes have been incessantly rung on snow, sleet, hail, rain, frost, with a great variety of very dirty gradations. To-day the streets are leg deep of a compost of mud and snow broth, and walking is really a service of danger. Should your eye next the street betray its trust, ten to one, as there is no *trottoir*, you are upset by a *fiacre*, and an overturn would be no joke; for supposing life and limb escaped, there are at least two chances to one in favour of your finding yourself up to the waistband in the syllabub, if not fairly invisible. Should you determine to be more than commonly cautious, and walk dry by keeping close to the houses, a line of

eaves-droppings awaits you about a foot from the side wall, which continues, without intermission, discharging its cool contents between your cape and cravat: or if pride or avarice prevent your taking the benefit of a plank, here and there pitched over the gulph, and which you may cross for a sou, you will probably have to perform the circuit of the whole street to find a convenient ford that only takes you up to the ankle. Of course the dearest friends, recognising from opposite sides, can have no more hope of coming in contact than Lazarus and Dives. Why wonder that countries are tardy and stupid in copying more refined improvements, when an execrable nuisance of this sort, admitting so easy a remedy, is permitted from age to age?

The people admit that Buonaparte was a great despot; and yet he continues to this hour the idol of their pride and glory: and did the option exist, they would take him back to-morrow,—any thing, in short, rather than what they have got. He possessed a most miraculous gift of reconciling men to him, in opposition to their

strongest prejudices. It is well known that many have cut and maimed themselves, merely to avoid the lottery of the conscription; and yet, when he has presented himself before the raw conscripts on parade, his presence worked like a talisman, not merely in reconciling them to their lot, but attaching them with enthusiasm to his person.

A Frenchman gave the following instance, to shew how readily the nation are won by an appeal to their confidence. "When the Duc de Berri first landed, after the restoration, he was apprised that several soldiers of the guard, appointed to receive him on the beach, had entered into a conspiracy to shoot him the moment he should put his foot on shore. Instead of using any precaution to elude the threatened fate, he went up to the guard direct, unattended by staff or any one, and frankly and openly mentioned what he had just heard; expressing, at the same time, his thorough conviction that Frenchmen were wholly incapable of any such act of cowardice. Instantly the air resounded with cries of 'Vive le Duc de Berri!' and the muskets

which were to have been pointed at his person, were discharged in a *feu-de-joie*." I give this story as I got it; but I confess it accords but ill with their behaviour to poor Louis XVI. when *he* made trial of their confidence. Could this national virtue have been relied upon on that occasion, the revolution might have been averted.

Vanity is said to be one of the main causes of the opposition of the noblesse to the illumination of the lower orders, from its tendency to lower their overweening pretensions to superiority. Many commoners are much more than on a par with them in fortune amassed by commerce; and should they only become equally well informed, then there would remain no ground, save the baseless fabric of a title, to serve as a decent pretext for that arrogance for which the aristocracy of the nation have always been so remarkable. The high turkey-cock-strut would be levelled to the plain pace of a most mortifying equality.

21st.—Spent the evening at the hotel of a friend, where we had some choice music,

in which the host bore a respectable part in an accompaniment to a very accomplished daughter. He quite falls in with my notions respecting the vices of the modern school of musical compositions, and that from the ambition of producing brilliant and astonishing passages, they have given us noise for harmony; while, in respect to the execution and executioner, it is an exclusive sacrifice from first to last, to shew off a *feat*. The finest heart-touching movements, in which the violin is so unrivalled, now give place to a sort of nonsensical capering, which communicates not one particle of pleasure beyond what one receives from seeing Bruin pirouetting on his hind legs, or a showman on his rope; the only difference being, in fact, that the performer in the latter case exhibits upon four chords instead of one.

Fashion is the arbiter elegantiarum to which both the Muses and Graces must bow in this country. It is with musical compositions as with bonnets, the last are liked best only because they are the last.

CHAP. IV.

23d.—HOUSE-RENT here, though high, is far below what we pay for the same order of accommodation in London. A gentleman of my acquaintance rents an excellent house in a respectable street, consisting of two sitting-rooms, two bed-rooms, kitchen, and the usual appurtenances, for about sixty pounds per annum. He laid out two hundred pounds for a supplement of English comforts; so that he may be said to be lodged in an ultra style of anglo-gallican luxury for perhaps one third what we should pay for the same class of accommodation in London. Though the French have no assessed taxes, they are levied upon in other sorts of exaction to the extent of one-fifth of the rent. My landlady, who gave me this information, and complained of it as a very heavy

drawback upon the profit of house-letting, held for a long time the post of reader to the Empress Josephine, of whose worth she spoke in terms the most enthusiastic, as one of the most amiable of beings.

The greater part of to-day spent in hunting for modern French sermons, but had fully as little success as Diogenes with his lamp. It seems the clergy content their consciences with only *preaching* them; and, perhaps, in the present temper of the nation, this is wisest. The people admitting of no such principle as seeing through a glass darkly, will believe nothing that they cannot have reduced to the standard of their reason; a legacy which was left them by Voltaire, and confirmed by the revolution, and one which they seem very little inclined ever to part with. They tell you that it is not from any motive of policy, but from sheer ignorance, that the priests do not publish their sermons; that, in fact, they have not had time to brush up a proper acquaintance with their business since the restoration. Such discourses as they do deliver, are from the writings of the

old theocracy, Massillon, Bourdaloue, Bossuet, and others; into which, they say, it is not unfrequent to hear them introduce Latin quotations at considerable length: a practice which, besides the credit it gains for learning, must have the effect of mystifying most satisfactorily. After confirmation has been regularly gone through with their disciples at the *ripe* age of fourteen, every attempt to enlighten them farther is considered supererogatory. Were it necessary to shew that the French clergy have as orthodox an eye to their own interest as the clergy of other countries, there is no lack of instances. It is well known that the same clergyman who returned thanks to God in a studied eulogy on Napoleon's government, laboured with fully as much devotion and loyalty in composing an *éloge* on the blessings of that of Louis XVIII. at his restoration. The clerical function here is a complete nonentity in every thing but the ceremonial: and unless we believe it possible, that amidst the blaze of knowledge which illuminates all the rest of Europe, France alone can be isolated

in outer darkness, it must be a forlorn hope for the King, or his Jesuits, to think of setting up any thing like an available priestcraft again. What there is of it at present is very forced work. Subjects once held most sacred, are now talked of with levity. A French gentleman, who accompanied me to the Louvre last Sunday, asked, with a sneer, as we stood before the statue of Messalina and the infant Germannicus which she holds in her arms, whether they might not pass for a very respectable virgin and child? Certainly the resemblance to the usual representation was but too striking; so much so, that when we recollect that the statues of heathen deities are actually made to do duty among the saints, even within the Pope's dominions, some of them with no better pretensions than Messalina herself, there is some reason to wonder that she should have escaped the pious conscription. In one of the churches at Milan, Venus and Hercules are at the present moment on service; and with a curious felicity of apotheosis, if I recollect right, some writer mentions, that on the frieze of an

edifice in the same city, Napoleon in a wig personates Jupiter.

I do not think the clergy feel here quite at home yet. When they meet you in the streets, instead of the pleasant, full-fed, happy countenance, glowing with red, and the self-complacent air, for which they are in all countries more or less remarkable; these poor unwelcome creatures look thin, hang the head, and hurry the step, as if they wished to get out of your sight. Whether they are more ascetic than our own clergy, I will not decide, but they certainly shew much more of the "lean and sallow abstinence."

It seems the Jesuits tried very hard, but utterly failed of obtaining any ascendency over Louis XVIII. It is said, that he very seriously and repeatedly advised the heir-apparent to banish them from his councils; and that a request to this effect was made with the solemnity of a last dying injunction. How sacredly it has been kept, the world has already seen! The following egregious trait of the fraternity is characteristic, and it may be relied on. Very

lately, one St. Leonard, a reduced comedian, betook himself to teaching a school. The Jesuits, hearing of this, determined to prevent him, alleging his histrionic calling as his disqualification, which in this country excludes a man from all respect as completely as lost caste annihilates a Hindoo. At last, however, the matter was compromised. The Jesuit proposed the son of Thespis should forthwith renounce the devil and all his works, go to mass, take the sacrament, and give attendance so many days in the week, paying a certain rate of stipulated fees to the church. The poor St. Leonard, seeing he had nothing left for it, but either complying with the hard condition, or allowing his children (for he had a large family) to starve, closed with the bargain. "Of the two sins," said he, "that of acting this farce appeared to me the least." Here, then, we have a pretty fair specimen of jesuitical piety: so that the priest might only get the victim into his power, it was a matter of perfect indifference, whether he made a proselyte or a hypocrite.

As a sample of the orthodoxy of the French clergy, I shall produce a passage from a work of their greatest divine, M. l'Abbé de la Mennais, the only man among the priesthood who has distinguished himself since the restoration. The work is entitled, " Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de la Religion," and displays a great deal of learning both ancient and modern, and fully as much of the classics as the fathers: the book is in the seventh edition. On the subject of the evidences of our faith, the pious author cuts the Gordian knot of all difficulties, by the usual appeal to the interpretation of the church, the infallibility of which he takes as Q. E. D. The book commences with a distribution of heresy into three grand divisions; namely —

I. That which denies the absolute authority of the church.

II. Of revelation.

III. And of God.

As to the first, his words run as follow: " Dès qu'on refuse d'écouter l'église sur un point, il n'y a plus de motifs pour l'écouter sur aucun.

Son autorité est indivisible comme son témoignage. Qui la recuse en partie, la recuse tout entier. N'importe ce qu'on croie, la foi des lors est éteinte: car au lieu de soumettre son jugement à la loi de vérité, on soumet la vérité à son jugement propre. Par là, on renverse tous les rapports de la société spirituelle; on fait de la raison, qui doit obéir, le pouvoir qui doit commander; on l'efforce de substituer la certitude d'évidence à la certitude de témoignage, et transformant ainsi la religion en pure opinion; l'on détruit le fondement des vérités mêmes qu'on retient." As one of the most approved specimens of the present Catholicism of the French church, I hope the prolix quotation will be forgiven.

Went over the cabinet of antiquities to-day in the Bibliothèque du Roi. You are here shewn, with the same confidence that they produce the *vraie croix* in the churches, the identical shield and helmet of Tarquin the Proud, or Numa Pompilius, I forget which. They are of immense size, and I think would prove rather unmanageable to those *οἱ νυν βροτοι εισι* in the

present degenerate age. There are, besides, many interesting relics of Egyptian writing and figures, coins, medals, brooches, scarabæi, intaglios, cameos, &c. all in pristine keeping, brought from Egypt in 1824, (by one M. Caillaud). The great saloon of this library, as might be expected, is adorned with a fine statue of Voltaire. His idolatry is, in this instance, rather conspicuous. While all the sages of France, with Apollo and the Muses, are grouped together on a bronze Mount Parnassus in the centre of the saloon, the philosopher of Ferney is accommodated with a statue to himself, as large as Parnassus and its inhabitants, with Apollo and the Muses to boot; and that he may not be suspected of suffering a divided empire with Jove himself,* the idol is placed apart at some distance for exclusive incense. Nor is this devotion confined to any particular place; there is hardly a habitation, however

* "Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet," the reader will recollect was the compliment to which Virgil owed his introduction to the Emperor Augustus.

humble, that I have yet been in, without its Voltaire, either in stone or plaster. In fact, he and Napoleon struck me as the *dii penates* of the nation.

Some indication of the deterioration of religion is to be seen almost at every turning. The streets for which St. Peter, St. Nicholas, St. Ambrose, and others, had been made to stand godfathers in the good Catholic times, you see plainly have been unsainted by the chisel or painting-brush; and in the print-shops a like spirit of philosophy very often serves up in the same pane of glass things the most sacred and profane, with a promiscuousness and familiarity truly revolting.

M'Adam makes this town to me absolutely intolerable. Instead of the soft sailing of our carriages on our roads and London streets, we are here deafened late and early with the most eternal strepitus rotarum which it is possible to endure without distraction or a headach. Like the music of the spheres, I conclude it must be inaudible to the natives, who are used to it. Our nation, said a Frenchman, "are not preci-

pitate in copying the inventions of other countries. It may take twenty years yet before M'Adam's plan will be adopted;" and there seems the same caution with respect to the use of gas.

To-day, at the Chamber of Deputies, an animated debate expected on the restrictions of the press. I was fortunate enough to establish myself at the side of a French gentleman, who had been in England long enough to be able to speak our language tolerably, and he helped me to the names, and occasionally something of the character, or other particulars of the speakers. I got to my seat about a quarter before one, but it was a quarter past two before the president was fairly up in his. The deputies assembled slowly, and the ministers were not in their places for half an hour after the business of the day opened.

The first member pointed out to me was, I think, Mons. Bonnet, the deputy appointed by commission to modify, and amend the bill (or projet) before the house,—a powdered, comely, old, smart, busy-looking gentleman, with a

brick-coloured face. The only thing remarkable that I saw about him was, his alacrity in mounting the tribune, which he did with equal frequency and tripping agility. The next was the celebrated Benjamin Constant, who is accounted the first jurist in France. He is a little lame, and appeared to be near sighted. This gentleman was followed by Mons. le Garde de Sceaux, Mons. Peyronnet, the author of the projet, who entered the chamber in a black gown, with an air of that sort of satisfaction which bespeaks an assured victory. De Frais-sinous, the Archbishop of Hermopolis, and Grand Master of the University of Paris, made his *entré* next, attired in ecclesiastic costume, with cowl and crucifix, and a feathery display of thinnish white hair, luxuriating over his episcopal temples. He appeared above seventy, and is reputed, and justly I believe, a man of great talent and unbounded learning. The next was General Sebastiani, a general of poor Napoleon's,—a portly, tall, good-looking man, and distinguished, as every body knows, not less in the field of Venus than Mars. Villele,

the premier, and the last of the sage assembly pointed out to me, I should think not more than fifty years old. He was originally the manager of a sugar estate in the Island of Bourbon. I never saw so many bald men together in my life. My Anglo-French friend, who had anticipated me in this remark, said, that his countrymen lose their hair much sooner than the English; which he assigned, moreover, as a rationale for their not growing so soon grey: but what getting bald has to do with preventing people growing grey, unless by depriving them of all hair to grow grey withal, is above my physiology to comprehend. The true account of the matter is, that no man can be a deputy under forty; and the majority are, of course, much above it.

With all the attention I could give to the orator, I was able to catch but very little distinctly of the speech. My chief consolation was, to find that even my French acquaintance comprehended nearly as little. There is by far too much echo in the chamber. No one but Paddy Blake himself could have any chance

of interpreting her ambiguous accents, and too little regard to silence is paid by the worthy deputies themselves. Hardly a moment of decent quiet, and the hum of men often rises so high as utterly to confound the auditory faculty of the most patient listener. *Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum.* Yet strangers are not allowed to make the smallest stir; and that they may not have an excuse for pleading *ignorantia legum*, the first thing staring you in the face on the staircase going into the gallery, is a notice to learn in silence, with all submission, and to sit uncovered, with a penalty of being turned out if you should happen to be led to any demonstration of approbation or disapprobation during the course of the discussions.

Of the merits of the speech I have said I could form no clear opinion. But there was an affectation of vehemence which sounded to my ears as any thing but Demosthenic. The cadence was extremely monotonous, and seemed to me might have been acquired at the schools *of music and declamation*, which one sees so

often advertised, and where, without knowing the fact, but only judging from the designation of such schools, I should conclude a man learns to pitch his tone, as some of the ancient rhetoricians did, to some instrument, and flourish his Philippic in recitative. The president, whose stentorophonic voice rolls in volumes through the whole chamber, (and he is certainly not sparing of its use) hurries over a quantity of matter without the variation of a single semitone, until he comes to the close of his period, when all at once he practises a most unharmonious elevation, which baffles all musical notation, as much as description to convey the least idea of. Sawing the air with both hands, he accompanied the movement with a species of emphatic nutation, which, unlike Jove's, I found did not mean assent, but very much the contrary, if one might judge from the manner of the next speaker. In fact, there is in the delivery of each declaimer so much of the same sort of sound and gesticulation, that having heard any given deputy, you may have a fair notion of the manner of any other. The vehe-

mence of the parties sometimes rises so high, that you would suppose a very little more, and they must be all infallibly by the ears, when, as far as I could make out, the orator *nugis armatus* was purely declaiming *de lanâ caprinâ*. It is quite proved, I think, by the practice of the Chamber, that the habit of speaking from written speeches is an insurmountable impediment to an effective oratory. How different from the matter that flows fresh from the feeling and classic taste of such a man as Mr. Canning! Yet is the Chamber, I think, free from one great fault, but too common of late years among the speakers of our own country,—I mean coarse impertinence,—a mistake which I have reason to know has sometimes been occasioned by a false conception of the vehemence of Demosthenes. At least I knew one instance, and an awful one it was, of this perversion in an M.P. of our House of Commons, who so egregiously mistook his model as to think the whole perfection of thundering his own, because he could out-do all possible competition in the bitterest virulence and veriest gall of sarcasm: never,

during this fancied representation of the Athenian, seeming to recollect of what different materials the Greek audience was composed; or how far our manners, and the circumstances of society, exclude such license; apparently forgetting also, that if Demosthenes was coarse, he never brandished his weapon out of a conceited display, or, yahoo-like, to vent the feculence of a malignant spirit. Though, like some of his imitators, the Greek orator was well known to have

"More appetite for words than war,"

abuse was not the whole of his art. It was not worked into his constitution, and established as his ruling nature, by dint of daily and nightly cultivation. But it would be doing injustice in one of the cases of which I more particularly speak, to charge the whole of the viperous vulgarity on Demosthenes. No example, however imposing, could have the power so successfully to pervert the judgment, supposing the heart naturally kindly and generous, as in that in-

stance. The fault was originally inherent in his coarse nature, and evidently must have been cultivated as much from the pure love of wounding the feelings of others, as the glory of standing single and unmatched in the achievement. Did you ever know an orator of this school move the more generous affections? Never; and why? To draw a tear from his auditory would be as great a miracle as to shed one himself: and if you ask me why such sort of speakers are tolerated even by the all-tolerating spirit of our House of Commons, I can answer no other way than by supposing such men afford the same sort of entertainment that we receive from the feats of a bull-dog or a prize-fighter. The brutality of human nature ever delights in the most brutal exhibitions. Sarcasm is not worn by such men as a weapon for self-defence, and to be drawn only on occasions of unavoidable necessity, and even then drawn with reluctance. In their view, badgering is the whole art of eloquence,—to be thought the best human mastiff in the arena, the *ne plus ultra* of glory. And all this I have

known to arise from being spoiled by praises in our youth, and the inexcusable neglect of parents in not sufficiently whipping a conceited boy, and impressing upon him the moral of the frog in the fable. What sacrifices of the common decencies and comforts of life have I not seen a petulant talker of this description offer on the altar of this self-idolatry! The daily dirty shirt, and unshaven beard, were the fruits of it, and were only so many proofs of the pains it cost him to train for the encounter, and of the value he set upon the victory; "changing," as an eloquent writer says on the same subject, "the character of a Christian deliberative assembly into that of a stage for prize-fighters, violating at once the proprieties of public conduct, and the rules of social decorum."

The deputy, in committing his speech to paper, like a clergyman of our establishment, vainly flatters himself that what may be lost in delivery, is more than made up for by concoction; thus wholly losing sight of the homely but wholesome proverb about the cook and the broth. What makes the thing quite inex-

cusable, there is not the smallest obligation on the orator to commit his speech to writing at all, if he chooses to speak without it. The practice, I have French authority for saying, has grown out of a dread of committing a mistake, there being the most indelible disgrace attached to the smallest slip in diction, or even in pronunciation. The slightest fracture of Priscian's skull would irretrievably annihilate a deputy's oratorical credit for life.

The gallery was graced with many pretty well-dressed women, who really kept a very respectable silence. What business they have in such a place rather puzzles one to divine; unless it is meant by way of compensation for that restriction of the salique law, which excludes them from the head of affairs. In England, on the contrary, women are excluded from being auditors in the senate, and from all participation in public business, whilst they are admitted to the throne itself. But in reality, the sex have a much greater sway in France in all the concerns of men, than in our colder climate. Hardly any matter of importance,

or no importance, in politics or letters, in which they are not only consulted, but their opinions very frequently adopted. A French lady, stickling for the rights of her sex against some observations I was making on this male servitude, asked, "Mais, monsieur, n'est-ce pas une douce chaîne?" I would have given something to hear the answer John Bull would have returned to the question. I think I may venture to say it would be any thing but *douce*.

Feb. 24th.—Since the death of the late King, a certain lady, who had notorious influence in his Majesty's councils, never now *appears* on the stage of public affairs. If we believe report, she still, however, pulls at the puppet strings, with fully more effect than when her co-operation was less matter of conjecture.

The common opinion about the press restriction bill, is, that it must ultimately pass into law. It will behove its authors and abettors to beware. The steam of public opinion is at this moment under high pressure; and it is

doubtful that it will bear much increase. Those who hold such fears as idle, quote Napoleon; and tell you, that he carried the restrictions of the press a great deal farther, and yet all remained quiet: but to pursue the high pressure figure, it is not considered that Napoleon provided a safety-valve, by aggrandizing *la grande nation* with the spoils of the countries he pillaged, and amusing his people with the glitter and pageantry of military glory,—the panes and circences of his popular policy. At least there was some difference between this, and diverting them with Jesuits.

Finished my ramble to-day by traversing the Elysian (alias infernal) fields, in quest of a French count, at every step up to my ankles. Never was there a greater misnomer than Elysian at this season. What added to this foul impression, through a mistake in the address, I did not find my count after all.

25th.—To-day is the feast of the Carnival, and the finest for the purpose we have had since our arrival; yet is there very little appearance of revelry. I have seen the thing-

carried on with infinitely more spirit in Sicily and Malta. The holy farce, I understand, is falling fast into contempt in this country, from the hatred to every thing like religious mummery, which has become almost universal; and this hatred must be great indeed, to prevail over the love of Frenchmen and French women for raree-show and *spectacle*. The only thing to remind one of the festival at all, was the very melancholy fun of a few mute merry-andrews, here and there in carriages or open cabriolets, who scarcely attracted one beholder. Even the *bœuf gras*, who figures first fiddle on the occasion, was not in such good case as usual. The concluding scene, and the only one I regret having missed, was the crowd at the Tuileries, where I am told the King sends a purse to the butchers who accompany the ox, and the poor animal is quartered, and bestows his person in return among the royal household.

26th.—Passed the evening before last at the hotel of our Ambassador. Many of the prime lions of France were there:—Prince Talleyrand

and his brother, the Duchess of Ragusa, Generals Lauriston, Macdonald, Soult, besides Sir Sidney Smith, the Pope's Nuncio, Prince Borghese, &c. &c. To the last this hotel once belonged, being presented to him by Napoleon after his marriage. It is fitted up in a sumptuous style of Parisian magnificence and English accommodation. Lady Granville is an universal favourite,—a circumstance infinitely to the credit of French taste and discernment. It was indeed very gratifying to see such a representative of the female purity and accomplishments of our country,—whose worth throws her exalted rank into the shade. The homage paid to her by a nation so accustomed in times past to admire only the glare and glitter of station, must be taken, I think, as an unequivocal proof of their improving estimate for female virtue, and all that renders the sex most truly lovely and attractive.

The following advertisement of a dog doctor I copied to-day from a board on the Boulevards Capuchines :—

" *Hôpital pour les Chiens.*

" Sieur Laporte previent les personnes qui voudrout bien lui faire l'honneur de l'employer, qu'il a réglé l'heure des consultations et visites, tant chez lui qu'à domicile, ainsi qu'il suit.

" Heures des consultations et visites, le matin chez lui, depuis 6 heures jusqu'à 11.

" Depuis 2 heures de l'après midi jusqu'à 8.

" N.B. On trouvera aussi chez le Sieur Laporte tous les medicamens nécessaires.

" Toutes les lettres être affranchies."

I have seen something very like this in the hall of an MD. at home, who no doubt would feel much affronted by any comparison with Doctor Laporte.

Speaking of Doctors, I went last night to the Théâtre de Madame. One of the pieces acted (for we had three) was called " Le Médecin des Dames;" and is no bad piece of ridicule on the influence which the médecin commands over the affairs of men, when he makes his appeal through the predilections of the sex.

There is no flight of caprice too extravagant,

which the author denies the ladies, if it has only the sanction of the doctor's *ordonnance;*— jaunts of pleasure, balls, masquerades, &c. &c.; and so Lolotte, one of these ladies, on his unexpected arrival at their chateau de campagne, sings in raptures a chanson, of which the following is a stanza: —

C'EST LE DOCTEUR.

" Chacun et l'acueille et l'admire;
L'époux même, le plus grondeur,
Et de la plus jalouse humeur,
Sans crainte, sans bruit, se retire;
Car sa femme vient de lui dire,
C'est le Docteur."

The doctor on some occasions makes hot love, and the whole *ménage* is completely under his direction. To wind up, the heroine of the piece takes his final prescription, and marries a handsome colonel, with whom she had contrived to have many a snug assignation under shelter of the doctor's recipe for change of air; and so a piece concludes which is without a rival in dulness, and of which the incidents

approach by far too near to sober reality to let us laugh. One of the many ladies under his spell calls him, "le Dorat de la Faculté, car il a toujours dans *sa poche le Journal des Modes, et fait ses ordonnances en madrigaux.*"

Alas! we need not travel far to find a match for this gentleman in our own honest land. It is humiliating to a profession which deserves to be respectable to name it, but I literally remember an M.D., in a good deal of business, fraught with one of the (ci-devant) "Scotch licenses to slay," who used to pay a certain number of hebdomadal visits, to perform the express service of catering gossip and mending the pens of a female patient; and she was amazingly taken with him. But why should we be surprised at this or any thing else of the kind, when we see the profession so very frequently in the hands of the ignorant; and that any man who chooses to practise *en docteur*, gets credit for skill only because he has stood a certain number of years behind a counter, or trod the wards of an hospital? The doctor, when speaking of his triplicate function, styles

himself a general practitioner; and the general's course, I believe to be, too generally as follows. His first matriculation commences at the Galen's head, with little better preparation than a grocer's apprentice; and there he is doomed and indentured to remain for a certain number of years, pulverizing and extracting. Now, whatever he may claim for *extraction*, it will surely not be contended that such a place is just the most retired for *abstraction*. At least his snatches of opportunity for study, stolen from officinal hours and duties, cannot be very numerous; and allowing that he is ever so eager for scaling the heights of science, who is to direct his studies? His master must, like all other men, be liable to consult his own interest in preference to his apprentice's accomplishments, and to look for some more substantial return for his services, than the furniture of his brain, which is of so much less use to him than the produce of his hands: or, allowing that brain could not be entirely dispensed with, the work of his hands at least "brings most grist to the mill." As the

indentures wear older, the apprentice begins to catch a little of the *auri sacra fames* himself, and seeing its gratification may be reached without the sciences, wisely abandons all farther thoughts of them, looking to more direct and available means. The indentures are now actually out, and the mature apprentice commences an established pharmacopolist on his own account. His course is now clear and straight before him. He pounds away through some profitable years, until he realizes a capital, and puts forth the bloom of his reputation, when, if the extent of his connexion gives him sufficient encouragement (it will depend upon this), he sloughs off his crysalis of gallipots, and expands into the many-coloured glories of the general practitioner. You then see him bustling (more frequently driving) from fistula to fever, until he comes to be looked upon as the very incarnate personification of the infallible pill he prescribes. But, without either colouring or exaggeration, there certainly is no profession within the whole range of respectable means of making a livelihood, the practice of

which is so liable to deteriorate as physic, or one where a man, with a small smattering of knowledge, and a discreet cunning, may fleece with a safer freedom, or a more becoming grace, not only without risk of being detected, but even with character,—perhaps a high place in human esteem. And as we are on this subject, I shall trespass with my reasons for holding such an opinion. I begin, then, by assuming, that physic, *if* a trade (the whole of my observations are hypothetical), is *the* trade of all others the most exactly cut out for a rogue. There is the absence of all restraint; and the only security for the doctor's ability or fair dealing, may be only what is wafted to us in the gossip-tale of some retainer in his interest. A transaction with a watchmaker the other day affords an illustration. My watch had stopped, and I took it to him to put it to rights. He armed his eyes with a microscope, and continued to exhaust my patience for a considerable time, very sapiently occupied, as I thought, examining the machinery to discover the disorder. At last he told me, he could do

my watch no good, without taking it all to pieces; to which objecting, I carried it to another, who, a good deal to my surprise, discovered I had only forgotten to wind it up. A chimney-doctor was within an ace of playing me the same sort of trick a few days after; but his bold assurances of relieving me in a trice of my smoky distresses, raised my suspicion. Next day I found he was an arrant rogue, and took in hundreds with the same bait; and had several law-suits on hand to enforce the penalty of breach of contract against those who discovered the trick not until too late. It is the fashion to talk of the daring impositions and profits of an imported mountebank: but I maintain that a homebred shark of our own, carries off more of the unrighteous mammon in a week, than your starveling of Italy in months. Give me a thorough-paced low grade of general practitioner, with a good *audacia perdita* and *sermo promptus*, and only one season or two of an hospital, I ask no more, I will back him in fame and profits against any dozen mere quacksalvers, and give you your choice of all

Italy, from the Jura Alps to Calabria. Peace to thy manes, Brodum! if men allowed themselves to be duped by thy disciples, they richly deserved it. With you there was no disguise, no "ignorance with looks profound," no season or two under the lectures of Mr. A. or Dr. B. to quote, as a passport to the confidence of the new adventurer on your skill. All was straight-forward plain work. The sly general who physics the major part of the British community, if my whole speculation be not astray, as far out-herods the most professed quack, as hypocrisy, with an air of orthodoxy, is more dangerous than the broad cant of a jumping methodist. It is miraculous what a little learning can effect in setting off the attractions of that art which Madame de Sevigné so comprehensively describes in one sentence as an affair of "pompeux galamatias, specieux babil, des mots pour des raisons, et des promesses pour des effets." Skill and impudence, we are proverbially told, are an invincible couple; but of all the forms of downright business-doing physic by which we are beset, there is none

that comes within a thousand miles of that which, to a name for skill, adds a character for devotion. Physic and the sanctuary are absolutely irresistible, especially over the susceptible natures of the doctor-going portion of the softer sex. Such a *médecin des dames* never can fail to find a Lolotte in every family. Dare to disabuse the imbecility that submits to his dupery, and to shew the doctor in his true proportions to the very person he is draining of the last fee, call your witnesses of his ignorance, and cite your facts and your dates, and, in doing all this, heat the furnace ten times hotter than it was wont to be heated, the doctor comes forth without a hair singed, or so much as the smell of fire on his garments.

It is with persecution in physic as in religion, the victim *thrives* on your hostility. It is true, he frowns at it in appearance, but this is all sham. *Inwardly* he chuckles; and if he could with any safety bribe you to go on abusing him, I have no doubt he would allow you a very handsome per centage, equal, at least, to the bottles returned. All your abuse but seats

him firmer in his saddle. In place of an enemy, you are a benefactor, worth half a dozen mere puffers, whose praises are liable to suspicion. And why, as I have already asked, should we suppose that a mere emancipation from the counter should necessarily bring with it any revolution in the sentiments and habits of the individual? It is in reality only a change of tenses; but the same agent, and action, and object, whether we speak of a *past* trading-apothecary simply as such, or of the *present* doctor, in his treble capacity of the general practitioner. The apothecary saw nothing at variance with his πρεπον in sending you physic in detail, while he could have supplied equally good in the aggregate for perhaps one third of the amount. He considered it no violence to his καλον to issue, in distinct and separate vials, with pretty labels, three or four portions per diem, which cost, we will say, one and sixpence each, when the whole might have been had in one bottle, with a label equally creditable, for perhaps two shillings. Transfer the same principle of operation to his pre-

scriptions: Is the doctor now less likely to pay you three visits instead of one, than the apothecary was to accommodate you with three draughts instead of one? But there is another, and a graver case;—in fact, an awful case. Let us suppose the doctor continues a sleeping partner of the shop which he has appeared to forsake: look, my dear patient, what a promiscuous receptacle your confiding throat is liable to be converted into, when every *coup de plume* for which he gets your fee, may add, moreover, half a dozen items to your account current. What a philosopher's stone this is! I put all considerations of health quite out of the question, how far, by such proceedings, your disease may be accelerated or retarded. It is the simple dupery of the operation to which alone I would call your attention. Take another illustration. The doctor gets your sore throat into his hands (Ollapod is fond of a sore throat), and foreseeing that, by a little judicious protraction, he may extract some half dozen of extra fees, he naturally is slack in one or two of the chief articles of cure, and bleeds and

blisters, we will suppose on the third instead of the first day, the precedng two being spent in liniments and gruel, to keep up a decent appearance of doing something. On the third, vesication or phlebotomy are effected. If the doctor has not been idle, neither has the disease; and now two or three days more may be necessary to bring things to the same state as when he was first sent for, which is just the glorious consummation he has been all the time looking to effect. Our medical hero thus copies the tactic of Fabius, and carries on his campaign by delays, but with this manifest advantage over the Roman tactician, that beating, or beaten, the *doctor's* victory is secure: so true is the remark of Molière, " c'est le métier, le meilleur de tous; car soit qu'on fasse bien, ou soit qu'on fasse mal, on est toujours payé de même sorte." Now these things, I repeat, may be overstated, or they may not; but if they are barely probable, it is more than enough for our purpose. Surely too much care cannot be taken to guard against even the *possible* rapacity of such mercenary ignorance!

The doctor may, perhaps, prescribe as a *placebo* to his conscience, that there is but little danger attending the moderate protraction of a chronic disease, or of an acute disease with mild symptoms. Still it might happen to fall out otherwise; and that even Ollapod's favourite quinsy might take him aback, before he had begun to get regularly serious about curing it. Acute complaints, it will readily occur, can never, in the nature of things, be a favourite. Catch the doctor, if you can, volunteering your fever or your pleurisy: such diseases carry with them the very essence of repulsion; danger without profit, and the chance of losing credit by losing a case, and getting it may be a fever to boot. Tempt him, however, with a good old crazy tropical liver, that has baffled all good skill, and betrays a desperate, but lingering condition; and hear what miracles he is *then* to perform. With such a case he is living in clover; and if it bleeds, sticks to it with incredible tenacity.

Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris *hirudo*.

There is another range of human suffering too productive to be passed over in a review of this kind, I mean those diseases which get well by the simple regulation of diet and exercise. See how the doctor clutches an alderman under a fit of repletion. Ten grains of calomel, and a black dose, what a harvest of renown they produce, especially if the turtle-loving alderman should happen to have had some visions of the undertaker before sending for his deliverer! Again, what never-ending profits are to be reaped from a dextrous affectation of some important discovery in the mode of treating a disease! From the elixir and alkahest of Paracelsus, down to the acid ablution of Dr. Scott, and the more recently faded fame of mustard-seed, what profits have continued to be derived from the boasted virtue of some new panacea! This has ever been one of the most productive mines within the wide domain of quackery, and well has it been worked. To go no farther than mustard itself, how have the shelves of the grocer and apothecary been loaded with it for the last two years or upwards!

Hardly a disease in which its virtues are not of sovereign efficacy; and if you doubt this, consult the inventor's accompaniment of instructions. Among the most redoubtable of these miraculous discoveries, it is still fresh in the recollection of the public, how washing the hands or feet in an acid mixture, has for the last dozen years been curing all the rotten livers of the east and west!

What one might expect would stagger the most unresisting faith, these cures are almost invariably recommended in *incurable* diseases.

It never occurs to the poor dupe, that *incurable* diseases are precisely the class of suffering which Cunning is likely to speculate upon, as affording the best chance of filling her coffers before the foolery is detected. Madame de Sevigné somewhere tells us of a whimsical way in which a doctor manœuvred his patient. He was ordered to take *seize gouttes d'un elixir dans trois cuilleries d'eau.* If he had taken four, she says, instead of three, all was lost. This lady is very merry with the doctor on some occasions, and cites a case of a patient

ordered to take exercise in his chamber, after a pill, stopping short in great dismay, *parce qu'il a oublie si c'est en long ou en large.*

If the imposture required any ingenuity to detect, there might be some hope for mankind; but it actually lies concealed in its very obviousness. At the same time it must be owned, that in some cases no little degree of firmness is required to resist the importunity with which a nostrum is recommended. I seriously declare, that I was myself pressed with no little earnestness by a person not otherwise above par in credulity, trying (*credite posteri*) to persuade me of the infallible powers—of what? Ye shades of Hippocrates and Æsculapius—what? Actually and seriously a decoction of flint stones!!! The prescription was precise and methodical. The flints were to be boiled, and the supernatant liquor poured off for use. The lady who advised this precious physic could recommend it, she said, on the best authority, and not of one, but of many persons of her acquaintance, upon whose word she could place the most implicit reliance! After this, the reader will probably not

think that there is any thing so very startling in the famed Irish remedy for a singing in the head: but it is quite unnecessary. I should pursue the melancholy detail of things so well known, and of so little use when they are known: much less, that I should dive back into the annals of the craft, and remind the reader of the halcyon days of tractors and animal magnetism, nervous cordials, balm of Gilead, &c. &c.; each of which we may be assured extracted as many fees, and reaped as large harvests of fame, and had as much good gossip expended upon them severally, to keep the bubble entire, as the bath and mustard of our own day. The charm is in the *mystery* in all these cases, "*minus credunt,*" says Pliny, "*quæ ad suam salutem pertinent, si intelligunt.*" Credulity is indigenous in no particular climate. "In Chili," says Zimmerman, "the physicians blow around the beds of their patients to drive away diseases; and as the people in that country believe that physic consists wholly in this wind, their doctors would take it very ill of any person who should attempt to make the method

of cure more difficult. *They think they know enough when they know how to blow.* I, however, very much doubt, with all their skill and practice at blowing, whether the Chili doctors know how to raise the wind better than our own. It may be accounted very indecorous to impute pilfering to the artist who pursues such courses; and certainly it would be very harsh, could we for a moment believe the prescriber under the same delusion as the dupe. Where this is not the case, I certainly do not see what difference it makes, whether slipping a superfluous potion down my throat has the effect of putting money in the doctor's pocket, or whether the same result is produced by slipping his hand into my fob. It may be called by what name you like,—the name will not alter the essence of the action.

These are a few only among the "small wares of petty cunning, of which Bacon observes, that they are infinite, and that it were a good deed to make a list; for nothing, he adds, doth more hurt, than that cunning men

should pass for wise." But who will undertake the inventory; and even if it were complete in all its knavish detail, would it make one dupe less?

There is another vast field of gain to a hand practised in turning human imbecility to account, and that is, patronage. To see the use a leech with a good tact makes of a man of any distinction is pleasant. Dr. Johnson said that an entertaining book might be compiled out of the failures of physicians of high acquirements. A much more amusing one might be got up by a detail of the successes of the opposite class. A simple lord or two, on his last legs, I have seen keep the doctor afloat in a diurnal bulletin for a whole year together, till he has mounted on dozens the year after to a most lucrative business.

The following translation of a French letter, itself purporting to be the translation of one originally in German, was put into my hands in Paris. It is written in an odd, quaint, aphoristical style, by a person of the name

of Von Tronk, and addressed to his nephew, going to reside for his health at one of the German Spas, and contains some rather curious matter; shewing how much alike human nature is every where.

After relating many modes of imposition, which had been practised on himself during a long residence at a watering-place, he proceeds to admonish his relative circumstantially to the following effect:—

"Beware," says he, "of that doctor whose door you see standing constantly open, or ajar. It is generally a trap to decoy the unwary, and the infallible mark of a craft. That town abounds with it in every form; and I am anxious, from my own painful experience, to give you some instructions how to keep clear both of Scylla and Charybdis.

"You will be beset with the doctor's lures in all shapes.

"CONSULT NO DOCTOR WITHOUT KNOWING FROM SOME GOOD AUTHORITY WHETHER HE BE A MAN OF EDUCATION."

"Take not every opinion on this subject, but judge a little for yourself.

"Pause when you see any thing in the doctor's manner different from that of any other gentleman; no matter how well he is talked of. No gentleman can stoop to *trick*, any more than the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots.

"The medical profession, you must be aware, opens, from its mysterious nature, one of the finest fields for low trick, and accordingly it is filled with men not very remote from the *canaille*. Look twice at your fee before you cross the threshold of that healer whose door you see habitually beset with servants or paupers. There can be no reason why doctors should be really more liberal of their labour and charity than other men. Observe if there is any thing gaudy or remarkable about his carriage, or gait, or person, calculated to attract the gaze of the bystanders. The carriage very often is only doing the duty of the tub to catch the whale, and is particularly successful with

gudgeons. Take care you are not hooked on. I never used to see one of these busy pill-boxes paraded about for notoriety, that it did not remind me of Juvenal's indignation at Matho:—

> ——— nam quis iniquæ
> Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se
> Causidici nova cum veniat lectica Mathonis
> Plena ipso?

For Causidici read only Medici, and you have names in plenty to fill up the blank for Matho.

"Vehemently distrust the leech who undertakes to be herald of his own fame; and set no bounds to your suspicion if you see him pulling letters out of his pocket, (which was a very common *ruse* in my time) reciting his miracles with a patient, especially if that patient be of the other sex. Any great demonstration of hurry is a stale trick; so is the delivery of pressing notes in crowds or public places. They are too common placed to impose upon a man of any discernment. The true genius of the doctor is in bringing the services of his *friends* to bear in finding some adroit man or woman,

(a woman is worth a score of our sex) *posset qui ferre secundas,* who can bring the doctor on the tapis with effect, which she can do in so many ways that it is impossible to distinguish the acting from pure nature. The only rule I can offer here is, to pause on all occasions before you employ any medical man, whose merits you hear a woman take much pains to extol." The rest of this letter was taken up with a sort of list of the various artifices which the doctor employs to keep the sex in his interest; but I spare my reader, as they offer so very little of novelty.

What an awful and humiliating view does not all this present of poor human nature! By what unaccountable infatuation is it that men should be so ready to intrust their most valuable possession, that of health, to persons of whom they probably know literally nothing but by accident, while in respect to all other kinds of this world's goods they are so warily cautious! No man intrusts his property at random to a law opinion, of the competency of which he has not some very reasonable grounds

of confidence; yet he takes the doctor upon his own certificate! How does it never occur to him that credulity is the weakness by which one half of the world is enabled to live on the other?—the same which was charmed with the ghost story at six, and swallows the doctor's at sixty. People are outrageous at paying taxes, and yet are they taxed by this single weakness in more than all they pay to the state. Shakspeare tells us that "the drunkard puts a thief into his mouth to steal away his brains;" but a man who rushes into the hands of an ignorant leech without surety as to his skill and character, turns a triple felo de se, conspiring, at the same instant, against his purse, his brains, and his life!

That I may not appear to have drawn a harsh outline of this too frequent class of ignorant men who *practise* upon us at home under the promiscuous name of doctor, I shall give an extract from Vicesimus Knox on the subject,—an authority to whose impartiality and sound information on every thing connected with education, I believe there are few who will not

readily defer. "It is really lamentable," says he, "to observe the extreme ignorance of those among *medical practitioners* who are applied to in the first instance, and *who constitute the most numerous class.* They are taken from a writing school, or perhaps a grammar school, and bound apprentices, so that upon the whole their education may be said to be about equal to that of a pauper in a parish day-school. Their business is to stand behind a counter and compound medicines by the prescriptions of the doctor. The poor lad, if he has time, will toil at his dictionary, where, however, he often toils in vain: but if he has not time, which is usually the case, he takes the most expeditious method of doing business. After having spent seven years in a shop, compounding drugs and spreading plasters, and after having acquired a little paltry portion of mechanical knowledge by constant habit, he is dismissed as complete; and going into the country a bold professor of chirurgery and pharmacy, with a smart dress, an unblushing countenance, and a voluble tongue, he is sure of success, and bids defiance to all the learning

in the world. He is, in his own opinion, another Heberden or Hippocrates, and is indeed an object of real wonder to the country people." The sketch closes with rather a droll remark, "that those who could bear witness against his skill are all secured and silenced in the churchyard." The German, whose letter I have quoted, said nothing half so severe as the concluding sentence: "A man who undertakes this profession, and recommends himself by address and artifice, without qualifying himself with preparatory knowledge, and who abuses the confidence of those who fly to him as to a guardian angel in the deepest distress, has very little title to the claim of an honest man, and deserves to be stigmatized and punished as the worst of villains." Now this I think is carrying the joke rather too far: if he had only gone the length of prescribing the stocks or pillory, few, I believe, would object to the severity of the chastisement.

To me, reviewing these things calmly, and with all the seriousness which the importance

of the subject demands, the conclusion from the whole matter seems this;—that education is the only security upon which any reliance can be placed, that this most useful of all arts is not abused to the vilest purposes, and converted into a curse instead of a blessing; and that education, to be available, ought to be laid broad and deep in early life. "There is, as Knox observes, a certain enlargement of mind, which is lost in the narrow habits and confined views of those who take an active part in a lucrative profession." Now these narrow habits are precisely what it clearly ought to be the very first of all objects of education to provide against. There is nothing else, I know, that has any chance to put down those wretched tricks of "giving forked counsel and taking provoking gold." Not that I think there is any infallible specific for making men honest;—on the contrary, we may assure ourselves with Byron, that "as long as there are men so ignorant as to be credulous, there will always be impostors to profit by their credulity." But still I think

much might be done that is not done, because the thing is never thought about, the consideration of which I must reserve to another place. If the College of Physicians had never been of any use beyond that of keeping up a reputable rank in the profession, it is worthy of all its power and patronage.

In these piping times of peace, this gigantic evil of plausible charlatanry may be presumed to be considerable, when we reflect that with such a demand there is no outlet; and that the surplus medical force which is not wanted for the fisheries, is spread every where over the defenceless country; so that there is hardly an obscure corner that cannot boast its soi-disant doctor or general practitioner.

CHAP. V.

29th.—At the Institution for the Encouragement of National Industry, founded by Napoleon in 1802, its object is to encourage and invite the exertion of ingenuity by the offer of prizes for the most successful discoveries, more immediately applicable to the arts and to husbandry. There are two general meetings in the course of the year, one in this month, (of February) at which the accounts are audited, and the annual council of administration elected. The other meeting is in July, for the distribution of rewards; each branch of industry being superintended by its own special committee. The repository of the institution is not allowed to be stored with any models beyond those of the current year.

1st March.—For the second time over the Hôtel-Dieu. It is an extensive building, in the form of a quadrangle, containing on an average 1200 sick at a time, which is twice the number of St. Geneviève, the next hospital in Paris in extent and accommodation. The wards of the Hôtel-Dieu are remarkable for their cleanliness and freedom from every thing that can offend the senses. The tiled floors glisten with polish; and the beds, which run in three tiers parallel to the sides of the saloon, are hung with wholesome-looking cheerful white dimity curtains. The neat appearance, appropriate dress, and orderly behaviour of the attendants, is not less worthy of admiration. They are assisted by sixty of the *sœurs de charité*, who live in the hospital, and are in constant attendance, and indefatigable night and day, in administering aid to the miserable inmates. These women occupy apartments in the upper story of the building, and are ever ready to be called up all hours of the night or day, at a moment's notice. No praise can sufficiently do justice to the disinterested humanity of these excellent

women, who are truly among the brightest ornaments of our kind: and such is the respect with which they are regarded even by the mob, that I am assured their presence, like what we read of the Vestal virgins, will at once put an end to the most tumultuous affray. According to a statistical report lately published by Government, the number of sick assisted by the *sœurs de charité* throughout France, in 1816, was 52,000; and in 1824, 145,000. The number of poor children gratuitously instructed by them in the former year was 56,365; and in the latter, 120,000. There are in all 2,800 establishments of these sisters, being at the rate of one establishment for 135,000 inhabitants. Out of the whole number of these communities, only twenty devote themselves to a contemplative life. The remainder are actively occupied in incessant deeds of charity, and philanthropy, and the business of education.

Every physician and surgeon in the Hôtel-Dieu has his own proper office or bureau, and private apartment. They have likewise their consultation chambers, separate with a grand

salon for meeting in cases requiring conjoint counsel. The business of the house is so systematic, that you hardly can discover the attendants have any thing to do. No fuss or hurry of any sort; and the happy result is, that beside the prompt administration of every thing that can be wanted for the sick, there reigns throughout the most uninterrupted silence. The vigilance of porters in allowing of no article of food or drink being introduced without an order from the proper authorities, is unremitting. They search the persons of suspected people with as little ceremony as officers of the douane. The comfort of the patients is much increased at this inclement season by large Porcelain stoves, which diffuse an equably temperate heat throughout, and without any unpleasant escape of smoke.

The theatre for surgical operations is commodious, both for seeing and hearing; and here it is that that consummate surgeon, the celebrated Baron Dupuytren, lectures and operates before a crowd of pupils.

Yet, admirable as are the provisions and

accommodations of this magnificent establishment, strange to say, the proportion of deaths is greater than in any other hospital in Paris, with the single exception of the Foundling,—the proportion in the former being as one in four, while in the others it does not exceed a sixth. In the Foundling the deaths average one third of the whole, which can only be accounted for by the tender age at which infants are received; and probably something may be attributable to the rough unfeeling treatment of their parents. Some assign the mortality of the Hôtel-Dieu to closeness of situation; but I saw nothing to lead to such an opinion.

I must not omit to bestow some notice on the *Bureau Central d'Admission* for the sick poor, which is situated just opposite the Hôtel-Dieu. Hither the meanest pauper, if ill, has a right to be taken at once, without either introduction or recommendation; and he is thence conveyed into the most contiguous hospital which is suited to the nature of his complaint or accident: to facilitate which purpose, a board of physicians and surgeons is in daily

attendance, to examine and report upon the cases, and this free of all expense to the sufferers. In London it sometimes happens, that a poor creature labouring under a very urgent illness, experiences much injurious delay before he is placed in an hospital. A subscriber will require to be first sought out, and when found, his list may be full: so that while the patient waits for a vacancy, Death takes the matter into his own hands.

In none of the principal hospitals of Paris do the patients pay any thing, excepting in the Maisons de Santé Royales, where they are provided with separate rooms, and pay according to the description of accommodation they require—from three to ten francs a day. This sum includes not only medical and surgical advice, but food, medicine, and every thing else that may be wanted for their comfort. It is worthy of notice, that in the Maisons de Santé the mortality is more remarkable than in the great hospitals, being as one in three seven-eighths.

In the present posture of public affairs, it is

particularly unfortunate that the Royal Family do not stand higher in the estimation of the people. In truth, it is any thing but high estimation: the King is never mentioned but in connexion with an incubus of Jesuits, by whom, they say, he is perpetually and most unmercifully bestrode. The Dauphin is represented as a man of a very neutral class of intellect; which is rather a bad look out for the next reign, in a country where so much of its happiness and prosperity depends, and vitally depends, upon the character of the King.

There certainly appears to be no occasion that their bitterest enemy should desire the Royal Family any greater humiliation than they at present may be supposed to feel from the state of popular feeling. Never, perhaps, did Royalty repose on any thing more the reverse of a bed of roses. If hearsay and appearances may be trusted, they live literally as exiles among their own people, without one soul, that I could discover, to sympathize with this most unnatural sequestration. In such circumstances, to render misery complete, I can

conceive nothing wanting, except that to not receiving sympathy, we should be conscious of not deserving it. I am quite aware what decorum requires in giving our sentiments on the behaviour of Kings and Princes, and how binding the maxim in all good taste, as well as duty, "to give honour to whom honour is due." No opinion shall be offered; but it may not be out of place to mention a circumstance, of a tendency, perhaps, rather illustrative of these good people.

With the hope of putting me in the way of gratifying a wish I had much at heart, of seeing some of the institutions of Paris, more particularly the schools and prisons, Lady Faulkner ventured the liberty of addressing the following letters to his Royal Highness the Duke d'Angoulême; which, as they are sufficiently explicit, will be allowed to tell their own story, without either colouring or comment. I cannot have the pleasure of indulging even the shadow of a hope that these letters might not have reached their destination, as they were

each delivered with care by different individuals at the Tuileries.

SIR, 28*th Feb.* 1827.

Notwithstanding the various and weighty affairs that must have occupied your Royal Highness's attention since you left Scotland, I am satisfied that no circumstance or lapse of time can have effaced the recollection of the subject to which, in compliance with your Royal Highness's commands to my late husband, I am about to do myself the honour of directing your attention.

When my late husband, Mr. Assiotti, Commissary General for North Britain, was employed by his friend, Lord Adam Gordon, to provide the accommodations which his present Majesty and your Royal Highness's household required from the Exchequer, your Royal Highness was pleased to express a very gracious sense of the services he had the good fortune of being able to render on that occasion; and farther, as a lasting memorial and pledge of your approbation, your Royal Highness condescended to present him with a Seal, inscribed with your name. Your Royal Highness's words, on presenting this Seal, were too deeply impressed on his recollection to be easily forgotten:—"If ever the hour arrives that my Family are reinstated, present this Seal, and you

shall then know, that we are not insensible of the attentions you have paid to us." This Seal, Sir, is now here in my possession. May I, therefore, beg your Royal Highness may be pleased to accord me the honour of an audience on this subject, which I should probably never have had an opportunity of bringing to your Royal Highness's recollection, but for the accident of my present visit to Paris, where I shall remain for some short time.

I have the honour to be, &c.

No answer being received to this, the following was sent on the 13th March.

SIR,

In consequence of my Letter of the 28th February not having had the honour of being noticed by your Royal Highness, I am under great apprehension that its contents may have been misconstrued. In reminding your Royal Highness of a pledge which we for so many years held sacred, I had no views in my application beyond civilities. *I am happily so placed in life, that I neither require, nor would accept, any* other *return. The many years of Mr. Assiotti's gratuitous services may have escaped the recollection of His Majesty and His Royal Family: they are, however, recorded in letters from Lord Adam Gordon (now here in my pos-*

session) to one of the Ministers of State, who was referred by his Lordship for full satisfaction on the subject to the office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the late Duke of Portland.

I feel, Sir, that I have acquitted myself of a duty, and I trust your Royal Highness may not consider me either importunate or presumptuous in so doing, as I should not be happy in returning to England without this explanation. If I have erred in the manner and style of addressing your Royal Highness, I crave your indulgence, as a stranger in a strange country; but it is as I should have addressed my own gracious Sovereign. &c.

The royal fingers remaining still inexorable, the following and last of these *lettres de cachet* was delivered as before at the Tuileries, of date the 24th March, and was doomed to the same unhappy fate.

Sir,

Though I have been so singularly unfortunate in my attempts to procure the honour of an acknowledgment of my communications to your Royal Highness, it still seems to me not improbable your Royal Highness may expect I should state (without an audience) what I had hoped for the honour of doing in person, and of doing much more satisfactorily than by letter. Briefly, then,

Sir, the chief cause of my application to your Royal Highness was, the anxiety of a friend to learn something of the Institutions of this Country, more particularly its National Education,—a pursuit in which I need not add a very trifling civility from your Royal Highness in facilitating access to those Institutions, must have aided materially. And, Sir, when I call to mind the manner in which your Royal Highness was pleased so exuberantly to magnify your sense of the obligations you owed my husband, and the formal memento and pledge of kindness to come, with which your acknowledgment of those obligations was sealed and delivered, (it wanted but the signature to give it the gravity of a bond, good in law,) I humbly trust it was not so very unreasonable a debt I contemplated to your hospitality, my venturing to look for such sort of civilities.

Your Royal Highness, for some excellent reason, no doubt, deems it expedient to avoid intrusion of this kind as much as possible; and I of course bow with the most profound deference to your Royal Highness's good pleasure, merely reserving the British privilege of putting the matter on record, to prevent any misconstruction of either of us, that might arise from a partial escape of the circumstances.

Your Royal Highness not having condescended to honour my Letter with notice, is, to be sure, a very mortifying consideration; the weight of it being only

*alleviated, when I reflect what must be the exhausted state of your Royal Highness's hospitality, from the numerous demands that it must invite. Let me at least hope, Sir, that twenty years and upwards since your Royal Highness's flattering professions were made, may acquit me of any very excessive eagerness to take advantage of them: and I trust you will bear in mind what I have already used the freedom of telling your Royal Highness, that I sought for no favour, and that I would accept of none.**

The election of the Deputies appears to me not very remotely to resemble that in our rotten boroughs, (by the by, how familiarly one talks of rotten boroughs, as if they were an essential recognized part of the Constitution!) in consequence of the power which the Government possesses, by the nomination of

* After all, the only thing I had particularly to regret from my disappointment in the royal condescension, was a lost opportunity of learning something more of the mutual schools which I do own was rather provoking. Fortunately, however, through an old friend at Court, I attained part of my object, that of getting access to the prisons, the doors of which were thrown open to me throughout the whole department.

all their civil officers, from the Prêfet of a department down to the Maire of the commune. Were these officers free to act for themselves, the constitution must throw immense weight into the popular scale. Before the budget can be applied to the purposes of its destination, it is required that the portion to be allotted to the departments shall be submitted to the Prêfet, who must summon his *conseil de département* to deliberate on the mode of its distribution. The result of this decision is then to be forwarded to the sub-prêfet of the arrondissement, who is obliged to take the same step, and call upon the advice of his *conseil d'arrondissement*, and so down through the communes and parishes; thus affording the people opportunities of holding frequent deliberations. All alterations or objections to the original plan of applying the public money, is then transmitted to the minister for his decision. But supposing these magistrates to be under the influence of corruption, what a frightful apparatus in the hands of administration, such an arrangement is susceptible of being converted into against liberty! It would be

utterly vain and hopeless for the people to look for signatures to a petition, no matter how vexatious and oppressive the measures of their rulers under which they might languish.

Espionage is now nearly, if not wholly, extinct in this country. Until the ferment of public feeling after the war had time to subside, like the services of Jack Ketch, it was perhaps a necessary evil. Now it would not be endured for a single day.

I have been much astray with respect to some of the titles current in French society, judging from the sound that they were synonymous in sense, and equivalent in respectability with the English; whereas it is by no means a very uncommon thing to hear of a title being assumed as a *nom de guerre*. Sometimes, when a parent is anxious for a colourable pretext to give his son an ancestry, ready cut and dry, they tell you he will go to the trouble of causing *de* to be entered in the child's *billet de naissance*, calculating that in a generation or two it will have the weight, and "confirmation strong," of an authentic document. However this may be, no title constitutes a man a *gentil-*

homme, unless conferred by the King. The Pairs de France are the only nobility, and comte such a one, who is a Pair de France, differs as much from comte such a thing, who is not a Pair de France, as my Lord Duke differs from my Lord Mayor, or any other the most humble lord of Nature's creation. Occasionally the title passes with property from one tenant to another, just as in Scotland the laird is called after his estate. Whatever license may be taken as to the assumption of a title, they dare not venture, without incurring the risk of a heavy penalty and disgrace, to assume a decoration.

Some of the *gens de lettres,* who take credit for seeing deeper than their neighbours, say, that had Napoleon not been disturbed in his government, his intention was to have abdicated of his own free motion. 'He was first to have given a free constitution to every State in Europe, and a pure religion (something purer, it is to be hoped, than he practised), and that that religion was to have been a modification of Protestantism. There are even who tell you he had a leaning to the Quakers.

28th Feb.—To-day at the hotel of an old friend, and a Duke of the *ancien régime,* trod upon carpets which had been buried during the whole period, from the revolution to the restoration, and they look as fresh and sound as if they had been down only two or three years. It is supposed a vast deal of valuable property still lies concealed, that will never see the light. These ducal hotels are no doubt very imposing structures to look at; but as for inhabiting, they assuredly are far behind the most ordinary of our mansions. In very cold weather they would be quite intolerable to an Englishman addicted to his *comfortable* propensities: in fact, from their scanty provision against crevices, the occupation of such immense rooms, with all their gilding and grandeur, is little better than a sort of shivering in state.

In Paris now for three weeks, and visited the Opéra Français only last night for the first time. It is a thing of show altogether; and although scenic decoration is not to be overlooked among the elements of the pleasure we receive at such places, yet when it is the chief

attraction, I own it tires me quite as much as Punchinello. The Mars and Venus was the entertainment; and to those who have the true gusto for the ballet, I should imagine it a treat for an epicure. Nothing tires me so much as the eternal pirouette. In moderation these rotatory exhibitions may do very well, just as we close some fine passage in music with a shake; and for this reason they ought, as in music, to be "few, and far between." But to say the whole truth, I am far from well convinced, that a human being twirling round like a pair of compasses at right angles, has any very essential connexion with the beau ideal of grace. I was more pleased with the French singing and music than I expected. Nourit as Orpheus has a good notion of cantabile, smooth with feeling, and a correct intonation. His voice I thought not unlike the quality of Sapio's. Lugallois might be admired as a graceful personification of the goddess of love, though not critically a beauty. Her figure is good, and her motions performed with such a total absence of all effort, it seemed rather a celestial vision than a thing of earth. The scenery

appeared to me not more remarkable for its brilliancy, than for the ease and rapidity with which it was shifted. Once changed, it needs no rectifications, no bungling or slow attempts to make corresponding parts fit, in an instant, like the spectrum of a kaleidoscope, and the picture is complete in all its details.

As far as I can learn, the law of inheritance, contrary to the theory and expectation of many, has been really productive of a great deal of good-fellowship, by uniting families in a common exertion for the benefit of each other. It is, to be sure, rather a death-blow to that first of all Christian graces — family pride. This, however, is a matter of small consideration, if by its tendency to bring families into closer bonds of affection, their younger branches may be relieved from homage to some bashaw, whose glory it may be to swagger, and to make them feel their dependance, not merely on his bounty, but his caprice. How often are we fated to see some fool, with a spoiled education, maintained in luxury, and his fancies, perhaps his vices fed, while seven or eight cadets are hard at it to make the two ends meet! In Scotland,

where this feudal barbarity still continues in existence, the vanity of keeping it up will account for the miserable pittance left to their starving widows, and the scattering of the younger brothers, who become as proverbially wanderers over the face of the earth as the dispersed tribes of Israel.

It is not, I believe, generally known by my country men and women who visit Paris, that the water of the Seine, unless filtered, is very much the reverse of wholesome, being apt, in irritable bowels, to produce diarrhœa: an effect not owing, as some have supposed, to any mineral impregnation, but simply to a quantity of alluvial matter, and other such impurities which it contracts in its course. The whole evil is at once corrected by filtration, and the *eau filtre* is safe and excellent for every purpose.

March 1st.—The ready intercourse by means of numerous conveyances, with the capital, is a great means of diffusing taste and information to the remotest parts of the kingdom. A *bourgeois* looks upon Paris as the grand

focus of all attraction, and the pattern of every excellence under the sun; and accordingly he visits it with his family, whenever he can find time or money, that they may export the current fashions and good manners for the correct regulation of his commune.

Just returned from visiting one of the grand military hospitals, where I was introduced to Baron Larry, a stout, rather short man of perhaps about sixty, or a little upwards. He was very kindly communicative in explaining his views of the different cases as he passed along the wards. It will be recollected that Napoleon left him 5,000*l.* legacy; and this will explain why he is not in the highest favour with the present Government. With considerable difficulty he retained his present situation after the return of the Royal Family; and many most illiberal attempts were made to injure him in his profession. Napoleon used to say he looked upon Larry as one of the very few thoroughly honest men he ever met with; and, to do him but justice, his countenance is strong *prima facie* evidence, that Napoleon was not

astray in his physiognomy, which, indeed, he seldom was. The baron appeared to me to carry about him an air of settled sadness. The traces of such a friend are not easy to be effaced.

The restoration has effected a most miraculous change in the religion of some of the followers of Napoleon. It would, perhaps, not be quite fair to quote names; but generals as well as *gens de lettres*, who used to look upon all such things as only so much trifling, are now seen marching to church, with their prayer-books carried by their servants in advance; and philosophers, who scoffed at the Mosaic history, have been employing their ingenuity to make it tally with the progress and developments of geological science! Whether there be more policy or piety in these conversions, I leave to others.

The praises of Lord Byron's genius outstrip in enthusiasm any thing I have heard in England. There is hardly a print-shop, or stall, or book-shop of any kind, where a bust or a head of his Lordship or Sir Walter, don't

attract your eye. So that, in this at least, we must allow the nation shews itself sufficiently disinterested: in fact, to judge from all you see and hear, you would suppose there were but two men of genius in the world, and these the authors of Childe Harold and Waverley. Sir Walter is only known for his novels; the poetry having had its "dreary fuit" long since.

Spent the evening at the house of Madame Lefèvre, the widow of one of Napoleon's most favourite generals: and here I found matter for the preacher. This lady, still in youth and beauty, lives in retirement, devoted to the education of an only child; beyond which employment, the vanities of the world appear to have for her but small attraction. Her apartments are hung with some of the memorable achievements of the wonderful man whose fortunes her husband followed with so much devotion—a sad memento of the days that are gone! She bears it well, but feels deeply. Perhaps bereavement is never more keenly felt, than when the blow that severs the object of

our affection, at the same time annihilates the hopes of our ambition. Then it is the heart owns the full force of the sentiment —

——— nessun maggior dolore
Que ricordarsi dei tempi felici
Nella miseria.

The whole of poor Napoleon's court, with a very few exceptions, are now as if they never had been. "Their place shall know them no more."

CHAP. VI.

3d March. — RETURNED from a melancholy visit to the Conciergerie, where I have been viewing the gloomy horrors of the den in which poor Marie Antoinette was confined and insulted for so many agonizing weeks. It is now transformed into the sacristy of a chapel for the use of the prison. Just over the spot where she lay, is her full-length portrait; and indeed, if we may judge from it, surely a "fairer vision never lit upon this earth, which she scarcely seems to touch." The cell next to the Queen's was tenanted at the same time by the Princess Elizabeth, and has undergone no change, nor been, I am told, once opened since her removal to the guillotine. Within this cell all is darkness, save what glimmering enters through a

small iron grating, that opens into nearly as dark a passage. By persevering to look, you at last faintly discover the remains of the decaying bedstead upon which the Princess lay, exposed to the inhuman and never-ceasing inspection of her callous keepers.

Before quitting the building, my party were fortunate enough to be in time for a trial then going forward in the *Cour d'Assises*. As we entered, there was standing, in the very spot where the unhappy Queen stood before, awaiting her awful doom, a female, with her husband, under trial for theft. We took our seats until the pleadings closed, and the verdict was pronounced, sentencing the culprit to six years' hard labour, and confinement. Her husband, who aided and abetted in her pilferings, an old offender, was sentenced to the pillory (or necklace, for the French word means both), and afterwards to six years' labour in the galleys. Were *we* to use the necklace a little more, and hang and banish a little less, it would be better for all parties. Five judges presided. The president of the judges is chosen by turns

every three months, and they are all appointed and paid by the Crown, as in England. It was a great mistake of the revolution to outlaw the wigs. I never before could conceive a wig so essential to the "human head divine," as since I visited this *Cour d'Assises.* The judges and barristers have a *locum tenens* of a bonnet, in shape not unlike the crown of a hat without the rim. *Figurez vous* what dignity this must bestow. The lawyers are habited in stuff gowns, the judges in silk, but smacking of the plainness of sansculotism. After the lawyers had closed their wrangle on both sides, which yielded in no respect in animation to our own, (the lawyer who talked most confidently and loudest, I observed, had, as usual, a case cracking under him at every step), the jury deliberated, and in a few minutes brought in the verdict *coupable.* The judges then rose, and turning their legal backs to the court, consulted, or seemed to consult, for a few brief seconds, and then pronounced, through their president, the sentence of the law.

Different, indeed, was the treatment of the

poor Queen. She was placed at the bar merely to be insulted with questions relating to her identity, and then hurried off in a tumbrel to the fatal *Place Louis Quinze!* Short work do their majesty the people make of it when they take the law into their own hands. The French very evidently do not like the theme of the revolution. Happening to make some observations about the Queen's fate to a person who sat next to me in the court, he replied, by asking (rather sourly for a Frenchman), if England had not also had her sanguinary revolution, and killed her King, as well as other people? The revolution is in France a sore place, that will not bear handling, — scarcely, indeed, to be touched.

The part of the court near to the lawyers is filled with the junior limbs and students of the profession, taking a lesson to qualify them for the badgerings of a future generation. A first-rate counsel, like a first-rate physician, is feed largely. An inferior gets about a three-franc piece, and is content to pocket as many such affronts as may be offered. By all accounts,

they are not more disposed to accept fame for fees (or, as Tacitus says of the old Roman lawyers, who deemed "famam in posteros, præmia eloquentiæ pulcherrima") than their brethren on this side.

Obscene details of trials are never published. There is a discretion with the court to conduct their investigations in such cases *en secret;* and unless where the ends of justice, and the interests of liberty, demand a public *exposé* of such proceedings, they never see the light.

The following is a statistical notice for the year 1825.

Born in wedlock in the city of Paris -	18,791
Ditto, out of wedlock - - -	5,101
In the hospitals by marriage - -	423
Out of wedlock - - - - - -	4,938
N.B. 725 boys more than girls.	
Of natural children claimed by parents -	2,202
Unclaimed and abandoned (a frightful item!)	7,837
Married of young men to young women -	6,606
——— young men to widows - -	377
——— widowers to young women -	767
——— widowers to widows (burnt children dread the fire) only - - -	207!

There is nothing in which the vanity of the French is more frequently shewn, than in what regards their military prowess. Here the *grande nation* can submit to no rivalry, almost no comparison. As I entered the Rue de la Paix from Place Vendôme to-day, my eye was broadly saluted by a sheet of paper, some feet square, setting forth in chronological order all the great battles, from Clovis to Bonaparte, in which the French were victorious. The three last were the battles of Toulouse, Ligny, and the Trocadore. In the first the proportion of French to the allied force was represented as 18,000 to 80,000. At Ligny there were 72,000 against 120,000. Victory is claimed on the 16th of June, 1815, but without the most distant hint of the modification it underwent the second day following. In the last of their recorded feats of arms at the Trocadore, under the Duke d'Angoulême, no mention is made of the force on either side.

The superiority of our physical strength in action is admitted by the French themselves. "What chance," said a wag from Hibernia,

" has a bellyful of frogs against ten or eleven stone of roast beef, when it comes to the push, putting courage out of the question?" But the fact is, our countrymen are fonder of the thing. A Frenchman makes a point of never charging with the bayonet till he can't help it: when it comes to this, it is an invariable part of his tactics to tack about.

March 5th.—Just as I entered the vestibule of the Royal Institute, the death of one of the brightest stars of the scientific world was announced; the long and brilliant career of Laplace was at an end! It had occurred but a few hours before, and produced a deep and general feeling of sorrow. He had become convalescent, after an illness of some duration; so that his death, though in his seventy-sixth year, was rather unlooked for. After waiting long in expectation of the memoir, an adjournment was announced, in consequence of the melancholy tidings: to me a sad disappointment, as it might probably be the last opportunity I should ever enjoy of being present at their sittings. Among the members distin-

guished for scientific reputation, Cuvier interested me most. He is a stout-built man, of, I should think, about sixty; has a pallid, marked countenance, aquiline nose, and a voluminous head and grizzled hair low down over his forehead, with a chin a little in advance, and gray penetrating eyes.

Like the other establishments of this country for national improvement, the Royal Institute used to be open to the public promiscuously; now it is requisite to go through the form of an application. To be admitted a member is attended with some difficulty; the candidate being required to give proof of having made a discovery in some branch of the sciences. The libraries are stored with choice works in every department of learning.

At the end of one of the principal saloons is a statue of Voltaire in marble, the best that I have yet seen. The grim philosopher is represented sitting naked, with a mask lying at his feet. The sculpture was executed when he was very old, and it is impossible to conceive the decrepitude of age represented with a more

horrible fidelity. The process of absorption seems carried to its utmost, while the prominent rods of veins, and the flaccid remains of muscle, indicate the *ne plus ultra* of the ravages of time on a living carcass. The sardonic smile, so characteristic of this extraordinary man, is more deeply marked than in any other statue I have seen.

On the pedestal is inscribed —

À MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE,

PAR LES GENS DE LETTRES, SES COMPATRIOTES, ET SES CONTEMPORAIRES, 1776.

Opposite to him are the busts of several other very distinguished literary characters, among whom I observed Franklin.

As I passed through the Place Vendôme this morning, an immense crowd were collected to witness a military punishment; which consisted not in flogging and fleecing, as the English reader might anticipate, done with the purpose of beating a proper sense of honour into the sufferer, and improving his allegiance,

but a mere degradation from the rank of a soldier, to which he can never afterwards be admitted. The culprit, in grave cases of delinquency, is sent to the galleys, or consigned to hard labour.

The *point d'honneur* runs so high in the French army, that a soldier once degraded can never re-enter the service in any capacity: any attempt to force him into it would produce a mutiny among the men. For the same reason, a soldier never receives a blow, even from his officer, without resenting it *sur le champ*. If he did, in the first place his comrades would no longer company with him; and in the next, the officer that committed the outrage would inevitably be put to death. It may, therefore, be concluded, that degradation is to a French soldier the most impressive of all admonitions, and upon such minds must make a deeper impression than any mere corporal inflictions can possibly do, where the sense of dishonour is less acute. An instance of this lively feeling of disgrace occurred in Sicily, when I was there. One of our soldiers, who had been

always remarkable for his strict good conduct, was reprimanded on parade by his officer; which made so great an impression, that no sooner was the parade over, than he stepped quietly aside and blew his brains out. I hope it will not be long before the horrible and impolitic practice of flogging will be abandoned in both our services: it never can improve a good character, and it infallibly hardens a bad one.

The custom of reasoning by blows, which has so long been a part of our naval and military discipline, is banished even from the schools of France. Boys are made to feel, like soldiers, the disgrace of their conduct, but are never struck. The lowest of the people will not put up with a blow. To be known to do so is exclusion from society; and accordingly their differences, when serious, are settled like gentlemen. There were two men, when I visited the hospital, under Baron Larry, who had been brought in the day before with tremendous gashes on the head, inflicted in a duel. One had his ear nearly off. Not long since, the conductor of a diligence having

received some harsh language from a traveller, bore long without complaint; at last, able to stand it no longer, he doffed his frock, and taking his *cordon d'honneur* out of his pocket, and deliberately placing it in his button-hole, delivered himself as follows: — "Sir, I have borne very long with you in my capacity of conductor; but take care how you proceed further in this insolence, or you will have to answer to me as a soldier and a man of honour." A challenge even from such a person is refused at great hazard of being disgraced. Many individuals who had been decorated in the campaigns of Buonaparte with medals and other marks of distinction, are at this present moment among the peasantry, delving and ploughing. I should have observed, that when an officer has been unfortunately guilty of lifting his hand to a soldier, it is not uncommon for the private first to kill the officer and then himself.

March 8th.—I know of nothing in Paris which better repays the trouble of seeing than the *Conservatoire des Arts et des Métiers*, or

grand National Repository of Mechanical Inventions, where you are shewn a sample of every imaginable machine or model, from a spinning-jenny to a wheel-barrow. There is a most bountiful store of rural implements, and of ploughs alone more than a hundred different *kinds*. The numerical amount of the agricultural specimens, *en tout genre*, is 530. A prize exhibition takes place every five years, on which occasion the competition often runs high and hot, producing cases of acrimonious rivalry that the judges find very difficult to decide. When two persons lay claim to the same invention, the precedence is determined by the date of the application to the Préfet of the department. A list of both inventions and inventors is published annually, in a register of every thing to be seen, felt, heard, or understood about Paris, called the *Journal du Commerce*. In one of these lists I find 160 rewarded for discoveries or improvements of some sort or other in 1825; it matters not how humble the improvement. The list contains *brevets d'invention* for smoothing linen,

wooden shoes, the sewing of gloves, and an apparatus for feeding infants! Could a man make his claim clear to an improved method of whistling, I doubt not he would with difficulty escape the distinction of being registered among the honoured few (hundreds) in the *Journal du Commerce*.

Among the curiosities you are shewn a loaf of sugar made from beet-root,—the same identical loaf that was deposited there by order of Napoleon, when aiming a death-blow at our "ships, colonies, and commerce." It is of a very dirty white, and the manufacture so expensive, that, as we all know, the attempt was relinquished as hopeless.

There were many clumsy things, and some absurd ones; of the latter class was a boat, worked with a huge heavy sort of paddles at the stern, put in motion by wheels equally clumsy, in the centre, which must occasion a great deal more toil to manage than oars. I am sure one of our Thames watermen, with a pair of sculls, could beat it hollow, and with much less labour; besides, the boat was liable

to another inconvenience, as my *vade mecum* informed me, that of capsizing, excepting in very smooth water. The invention of the steam-boat he claimed for his nation; and in the same spirit of monopoly was for taking the credit of the safety-lamp, till I stopped him. The latter point he at last gave up; but with a reservation in favour of the grande nation,—namely, that Sir Humphrey is annually in the habit of visiting the Conservatoire, whence, of course, he must have borrowed the hint. Among the curiosities was the model of a man of war, which Napoleon had expressly made for instructing the young King of Rome. It cost an enormous sum, and is executed with the most Chinese fidelity in all its details.

My conversation with the guide led to a comparison of Napoleon with the present King, for whose intellectual peculiarities I attempted some apology, offering the trite but no less sound argument, that in truth the good old man could not help being what nature made him: to which the only reply I got was the usual *haussement des épaules*, accompanied with

a manner that appeared to me a good *gesticulative* comment on *lævius fit patientiâ*, &c.

Before quitting the precincts of the Conservatoire, I stumbled upon a gratuitous lecture in an adjoining building, where two lectures are given on different days; one on mechanics, the other on chemistry. That which I came in for was on mechanics, delivered by a Professor Dupont. It was occupied with the most obvious illustrations of the principle of gravity, as applied to masonry; and with a nimble display of diagrams, very adroitly executed on a black slab with a bit of chalk. Monsieur Dupont uses a good deal of the extravagant action of his countrymen; but his language is clear, and his enunciation distinct. Although this theatre was open to the crowd, there was throughout the whole lecture the utmost decorum and regard to silence. These and many other such places of instruction are not only accessible gratis to all classes, but after the lecture, any one is at liberty to apply to the professor for an explanation of what he may not have understood. In some classes there

is a circle of auditors, where the professor presides to promote conversation, so that he speaks *with* as well as *to* them,—an advantage surely of the very first moment, and that should never be lost sight of in any system of teaching.

On my return from the lecture, I occupied myself in copying, during a deluge of rain, the following piece of orthodoxy in the church of St. Eustache:—

"Exercices de dévotion en l'honneur de la passion:" among which exercises was particularly specified, "une exposition des reliques insignes de la passion à la vénération des fidèles, savoir la vraie croix, la sainte couronne d'épines, et le St. Clou!" At the bottom of this *affiche*, plenary indulgence was offered to all such as had performed forty hours of prayer and fasting. Just as I had finished copying, I narrowly escaped a very liberal affusion of holy water. In the act of turning round, I was faced by a man, who doubtless construed my proceeding into a very unequivocal proof of devotion; and at the same instant charging a whisk in a font of the holy fluid, he had his arm raised

ready to let fly, when I suppose something in my manner hinted that I was heretically unworthy; and he returned it to its place.

The following is another notice of the same description, copied from a pious placard in the church of St. Jarvais :—

"Il y aura une instruction sur le mystère de la passion de notre Seigneur. L'exercice sera présidé par Monseigneur Archevêque de Paris." Among other commendations of Monseigneur, bestowed on the piety of his flock, there is the following :—

"Vous avez résolu de ne répondre aux vains raisonnmens d'une sagesse superbe, que par la simple mais constante docilité d'un enfant de l'Eglise." In a catechism published by the said Archbishop, there is the following sentence relating to relics : "On peut honorer les reliques des saints, parce que ces sont les précieux restes d'un corps qui a été le temple du Saint Esprit, et qui doit ressusciter glorieux."

9th March.—Visited Versailles. This superb palace is a most impressive picture of gilded desolation,—a monument at once of gaiety and

of horror without a parallel. Among the paintings there were two Maintenons; one done for her after the death of Louis XIV. during her sojourn at St. Cyr; in the other she is represented with the child of Madame la Vallière at her knee. She was an old woman when these portraits were taken. Though seventy when the former was executed, there is much expression in her features, set off by dark eyes and black hair. The interminable vistas of painted and gilded *salons* are kept by the present royal family only for show. It is not to be wondered they never should live where every object must recall the most dismal associations. Napoleon used them as a barrack; and the only inhabitants we saw were about half a dozen *fogies*, not unlike Chelsea pensioners, in blue and silver-laced coats, playing cards at an immense fire, one of whom officiated as our guide to all the melancholy detail of this triste habitation of royal sin and royal sorrows. I remarked there was not one portrait of Maria Antoinette, here or in either of the Trianons.

10th.—At the prisons of Grande and Petite Force; to which, as well as to all the other prisons in Paris, I was fortunate enough, as I have before mentioned, to obtain a *carte blanche*, through the kindness of an old friend. Into whatever prison I went, I found, to my surprise, my name staring me in the face in a card-rack in the waiting-room; and so I conclude it was in all the rest,—though the application for admission had been only made the day before.

These prisons do not convey any great idea of either comfort or cleanliness. The prison de la Grande Force is for men, the other for disorderly females. In the former two persons are often put to lie in one bed, unless they choose to pay twenty-three sous a week for better accommodation. The *prison* de la Grande Force usually contains at a time from three to four hundred, — a considerable proportion of whom are boys, who, my guide told me, (in deed I had proof of it,) were by far the most unmanagable of the whole party. We could scarcely make our way through the crowd of these impudent young scoundrels, importuning

most clamorously for food, although they get three very sufficient meals a-day; but it sometimes happens that one boy seizes on another's share. The air in some of the passages and cells was very impure, and the passages generally dark. This is one of those prisons denominated a *Depôt de Prévention*, where prisoners are detained only until their trial. There is a saloon appropriated to the care of the sick, which is daily visited by a physician and surgeon, without any charge to the patient. They are likewise all regularly visited by the clergy; and those who are able are made to attend chapel. Much care is bestowed on the education of the boys, who pass a certain portion of every day in the school-room, under the direction of masters appointed to instruct them in the first principles of religion and elementary parts of education. These boys sleep alone in separate cells, which are locked up punctually every night, that there may be no personal communication.

The prison de la Petite Force is for women of the town exclusively, and generally numbers

from four to five hundred; — the admissions annually about 3,000. It is only the refractory who are confined here, or such as have been detected committing a breach of the peace. It often happens that the same individual is discharged and admitted a great number of times. One was pointed out to me by the matron, who had been dismissed and received again not less than on seventy different occasions! Such as are able are put to hard labour, the proceeds of which go towards defraying the expenses of their keep. The hours of work and recreation are strictly regulated; and they are required every day to take exercise in the quadrangle of the prison,—a space, I should guess, not above forty or fifty feet square. The interior of this prison is very close and noisome, owing to the fumes which escape from the stoves, as well as the exhalations incident to crowding. The services of a chaplain are unremittingly bestowed, to try and reclaim these unhappy women from the evil of their ways: but it is a sad consideration, that there are few, very few, in fact hardly any

conversions; which may be as much or more owing to the difficulty of the penitent finding employment, as to any love of vice.

Every possible care is paid to their health, and when restored they are once more enlarged, with liberty to follow their wretched occupation: so that in fact this prison deserves rather to be considered an asylum, and must tend more to encourage than to prevent depravity. However this may be, these women are never allowed to mix with, or to offend the sight of the respectable part of their sex,—there being the strictest regulations of police to prohibit their appearance in the public street.

Before leaving the prison I offered some money to the door-keeper, who had very civilly conducted me over it; but he refused my boon, in a manner to make me feel as if the offer, instead of a favour, had been actually an insult. Ye door-keepers of St. Stephens and Westminster, what would ye have done?

Of all the parties I have been at since I came, by much the most splendid was that of Monsieur Lafitte's. The company were chiefly

French, though there was no lack of English. I was fortunate enough to arrive the very first, even before the lamps were lit, and had the pleasure to enjoy half an hour of very delightful conversation with the hospitable host and hostess, who are among the most agreeable people I have yet met with. Of the spaciousness and splendour of the mansion it is difficult to give any just idea. It occupies the corner of a very considerable portion of two streets, in one of which the carriages enter, and in the other take up. Among his paintings there is an original by David, that particularly struck me: it represents the ever-memorable exploit at the bridge of Lodi, where Napoleon is in the act of animating his brave followers to cross, while they fall in thousands about him, in the midst of a tremendous fire from a battery in front, that envelops the whole scene in smoke, and through which the only light that penetrates is the flash of the "red artillery." Napoleon is represented on foot, holding the tattered colours in one hand, and straining every nerve to keep up the spirit of his companions.

It was on this occasion that he uttered the memorable command of "*qu'elle se taise!*" in proud contempt of the death which the battery was dealing around.

I am compelled, in spite of my gallantry, to own that I was rather disappointed in the French women. With half a dozen of exceptions, I saw nothing either in figure or face that was not decidedly below par of English beauty: but what they want in these is very much made up by the milliner and the graces. The music was first rate of its kind. The quadrilles and waltzes the choicest selections from the best composers; to which Collinet's flageolet gave a more lively effect than I could have had any idea of. About twelve o'clock, while the door still

> ——— "opened to the thousand happy few,"
> I left this earthly paradise of or-molu,'

not a little gratified with my evening.

10th.—To the Feydeau Opera. The entertainment consisted of two pieces, or operattas, Marie and Fiorella (by Auber), which I had

bad taste enough to prefer very much to the Donna del Lago, as it was executed at the Opera Italien: not that the music is intrinsically so good, but merely because, contrary to what occasioned my disappointment in the Donna, the leading songs really had leading singers. Last night was the twenty-fourth of its successive representation. There was a notturno of great beauty and delicacy in the Fiorella, which reminded me of

> "The strains that float upon the wings
> Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
> At every fall smoothing the raven down
> Of darkness till it smiled."

Last night satisfied me that the only part of a theatre to hear music to perfection is the *centre* of the boxes. There is a perspective in music as well as painting, that requires distance to be enjoyed, or even comprehended,—a point of hearing as well as a point of view. This is the case particularly with respect to an orchestra, where, as usually happens in theatres, the line of performers is extended,

or rather elongated; so that if your position be contiguous to either end, the bass instruments throw the whole piece out of keeping. It may happen that a double bass, a trombone, or a kettle-drum, is raging just at the moment your soul is most intently wrapped in the softest breathings of the singer. The box my party occupied, belonging to the Ministère de la Maison du Roi, was specially exposed to the inconvenience of this uncentral situation. By a happy policy these theatres are kept open for the public at the expense of Government; and are a never-ceasing source of diversion to the restless minds of these people, which they can enjoy at a very easy rate

11th.—Luxembourg Gallery. It is considered such *mauvais ton* by artists on this side, and perhaps pretty generally every where, to express any degree of pleasure at viewing this French school of "glare and light," that there is no alternative but to be silent, however well we may be pleased, or else lose all credit for pretensions to taste, which of course no man in his senses would do, if he could help it. I am

ready to own, that the train of reflection suggested by a small picture of Galileo in prison, left a deeper impression on my mind than the merits of the most splendid paintings in the collection. He is represented in prison, contemplating a diagram of his solar system, which appears wholly to engross his thoughts, as if satisfying himself whether there really could exist the possibility of a doubt that he *might* be wrong. What a lesson his fate presents against intolerance, and the infinite absurdity of all persecution on account of opinion! The infallible wisdom of popery had pronounced that the sun should *not* stand still without permission from the Vatican; and so poor Galileo must irredeemably have rotted in his dungeon, had he not, after nineteen years' confinement, at the age of seventy, asked pardon for telling the truth, as the price of his enlargement.

13th.—Jardin des Plantes. To my great disappointment, the Museum of Natural History was the only thing accessible to-day, and truly it is well worth a day to itself. 'A year could not see, nor volumes describe it as

it ought to be.' The season of the year was most unpropitious to viewing the exterior beauties, there being not the smallest appearance of any thing like vegetation visible. The finest view I have yet had of Paris and its environs was from a small artificial hill in the Labyrinth; but sadly does it fall behind the view from Greenwich Park. This has been, upon the whole, a barren day of gratification. The only thing I fell in with, within the whole range of these philosophical precincts, in the shape of science, was a little old shrivelled man, who appeared to make a property of the top of the hill, for the purpose of exhibiting mites through a microscope; upon the magnifying property of which no philosopher could have held forth with more self-importance. It was pretty clear, however, without the aid of a microscope, that the real aim of his philosophy was the extraction of a few sous from the pockets of his disciples.

CHAP. VII.

Salpetrière.—THE number of epileptic, deranged, and superannuated women on the books of this gigantic establishment at one time, averages five thousand! Those who are admitted on account of age, have usually reached their 70th year; and there is really no comfort or accommodation necessary to render the last rugged remains of their earthly journey smooth, that is not supplied to them with a liberal hand. The saloons are spacious, airy, and clean; and the furniture and beds excellent. Nothing in the whole economy of this immense concern surprised me more than the exact arrangement with which all its operations, as of cooking, baking, washing, &c. were carried on. The enormous establishment,

down to its minutest details, moves with the punctuality of machinery; and the whole is crowned with a bountiful allowance of priests, doctors, and matrons, all lodged within the walls, and ready for business at the shortest summons. The old folks appeared really happy, and to be treated with a studied kindness and consideration. As many as are fit and able are put to work at some branch of industry, such as spinning, knitting, and sewing, and the produce of their labour is applied to the charity. Independent of the benefit thus accruing to the Institution, it must be a source of great comfort to the old people to have it in their power to contribute something, however little, towards their maintenance, instead of being wholly a burthen on the public. I observed a great deal of admirable management in the care of the deranged. They, too, are employed in some sort of industry, which amuses, while it occupies and keeps them out of mischief, or from the irregular workings of a diseased imagination. I should strongly recommend the Salpetrière to the notice of any commission which may be

formed for obtaining information as to the mode of managing the insane. The system of coercion, as far as I could learn, is wholly supplanted by one of conciliation, *i. e.* so far as any general plan can possibly be made applicable to the ever-varying peculiarities of the disease.

The Prison of St. Pelagie.— This place is chiefly appropriated to debtors, or to such as are guilty of misdemeanours or libel. Like the prisons of La Grande and Petite Force, it is dark and dirty, the cells confined, and the air foul. At my visit, a Colonel in the army was completing some months of durance, for wearing the Cross of the Légion of Honour, to which he had no right; and I regretted to learn there were eight of our own countrymen in for debt, or fraud,—an accident, I was rather mortified to learn from the keeper, not very uncommon among us in this part of the world. Before leaving Calais, we were told of two gentlemen, one Scotch, the other Irish, who, with a view to the benefit of leg bail, excavated a passage through the foundation of the prison into the open street. The Scotchman stuck fast in

transitu, just as he had got half through,—certainly not a very common accident to Scotchmen on other occasions of their passage through life; nor could Sawney at this juncture plead that he was "just ganging back again;" for when caught he could neither move back nor forward one inch.

It seems that after five years' sojourn in St. Pelagie for debt, under certain circumstances, it is the law to enlarge a Frenchman; while foreigners are often obliged to linger out an insolvent existence without one ray of hope. The usual amount of prisoners within the walls is from 350 to 400. Their provisions are of good quality, and well cooked. The pauper fare is *soup maigre* and vegetables, with beef and bouillon twice a week; but those who can afford to pay, may be well supplied from a very abundant market attached to the prison, where the prices are kept moderate, for the express accommodation of its needy customers. The class of less necessitous prisoners have a reading-room and newspapers, to unbend from their cares, and learn something of what is going on

in a world which many may be doomed never to see but through the grating of their casement.

15th.—I had the honour to-day of receiving from the Chancellor of France a statistical report of the administration of justice for the year 1825, the object of which is to set forth the state of crime and punishment throughout the kingdom. I was anxious to have obtained one for the year preceding the restoration, to enable me to judge of the relative progress of morals at these two periods; but the document was not in the Chancellor's possession; neither was the report of last year published before I left the country. Several important facts are brought to light by these details. The author marks two grand classes of criminal offences,—*crimes contre les personnes, et crimes contre les propriétés.* It appears the whole number of persons prosecuted for the first class of offences is to the gross amount of criminal prosecutions in both kinds, as 29 to 100. And "en général," says the Chancellor, "la répression est moins forte pour les crimes contre les personnes que

pour les crimes contre les propriétés. " Le nombre des individus acquittés a été de moitié dans les accusations de la première classe, et de 31 sur 100 seulement dans les autres." The rapidity and certainty with which minor offences are punished, is an admirable feature in the French code. The maxim is, "la justice correctionelle doit être prompte pour que la poursuite et le châtiment soient efficaces;" which, if I recollect right, was the principle Sir Samuel Romilly was anxious to enforce, in his projected melioration of our own code. Common sense presents few truths more palpable than that if we could ensure the certain and prompt infliction of minor punishments, it must go farther to repress petty delinquencies, than if a punishment, however disproportioned to the extent of the offence, were only held out as a bugbear *in terrorem*, seldom or never to be put in force.

Of 2,069 persons prosecuted for criminal offences, *contre les personnes*, in Paris, in the year 1825, 1,023 were acquitted, and 134 suffered death; while out of 7,234 arraigned of

crimes *contre les propriétés*, only 2,640 were acquitted, and 176 suffered.

16th.—At the Académie Royale de Médecine. This establishment was founded only of late years, and is supreme over the whole medical concerns of the country in their most extensive sense, having power to check all kinds of abuses in the different departments of the profession; and by wise provisions, to further in every possible way the interests of medical science: it is the chief authority to which Government look officially for information in reference to the state of the public health; the decision of points of jurisprudence, the progress of vaccination, the ingredients and efficacy of new and secret remedies, mineral and factitious waters, &c. &c. The Académie is composed of some of the most learned and distinguished men in the three branches of the profession, who hold their meetings periodically. At certain of these meetings memoirs are read, as at the Royal Institute, the merits of new works of any importance are reported upon, and every thing in the shape of discovery investi-

gated. It keeps up an uninterrupted and regular correspondence with professional men over every part of France, so that nothing of moment in the department of discovery, or other useful information, can possibly occur, without the Government being able to avail itself of it at the shortest notice. Here, as in every other institution of this country having for its object to encourage genius and industry, prizes are awarded (some of them of considerable amount), and the names of the successful candidates regularly published in an official register, under the sanction of Government.

The regulations proposed for the interior economy of the Academy, are submitted from time to time for the approbation of the Secretary of State for Home Affairs, who is charged by the King with the execution of his Majesty's commands respecting them.

Beside frequent private meetings, the Academy has its public days, when a formal report is made of the progress of medical science, an *éloge* pronounced on any distinguished member deceased, prizes for essays proposed, subjects

for memoirs fixed upon, and the names of authors who have gained prizes formally announced. The private meetings are open, under certain regulations, to strangers, as well as to the members of the institution: at these, questions are discussed, and memoirs are read, and if deemed worthy, receive the same rewards as those of native competitors. No person of empirical habits is suffered, on any pretext whatever, to take a share in the affairs of the Academy, whether in person, or by written communication.

The Library is stored with the works of all nations, ancient and modern, of any repute on medical subjects, in print or in MS., engravings, plates, &c.; and the Museum with anatomical preparations, apparatus, instruments, models, specimens of natural history, chemical apparatus, and, in short, every thing that can be instrumental to the advancement of the art: to all which the freest access is allowed, as well to foreigners as Frenchmen.

A question is propounded every year on each of the four following branches — medicine,

surgery, pharmacy, and subjects of common interest. But the details of this admirable institution are too numerous to dilate upon as they deserve. It has served to suggest some thoughts in reference to our medical régime in England, which I must defer to a separate consideration.

Notwithstanding that the revolution upset every thing else to the foundation, gallantry, or that habit of exterior homage to women for which this people have ever been so remarkable, still continues to be one of the most characteristic traits of Frenchmen of every condition. A peasant will not address a lass of the village without taking off his hat, and from his youth he is taught to look upon the sex as entitled to his protection. Why a nation so much behind the rest of Europe in the more *essential* particulars of this chivalrous observance, should always continue to be distinguished for such a peculiarity, seems not easy to understand.

A Frenchman, accounting to me for the connivance of his countrymen at female infidelity,

attributed it to the direct result of their education; which inculcates so universal a devotion to the sex, that their feelings for any individual woman become merged in the general idolatry; which theory goes *à merveille* to explain the sufferings of our Lubins and Tonys, when up to the ears in a tender passion for some single object of desperation. The nation have refined so much on this principle, that it is said *monsieur* will bear even the last experiment upon his patience, and yet his "fair defect" not perceive one frown more, or one attention less. The green-eyed monster is of course utterly unknown, and divorces and separations are confined to the matter of fiction. If a woman is domestic for the first year, until the legitimate succession is presumed safe, she has a *carte blanche* for the rest of their intercourse; but should she not happen to crown him with paternal honours at the expiration of the term, I have not heard how the *cartel* is arranged. John Bull is exactly in the other extreme. Instead of waiting until his antlers are matters of

fact, he absolutely anticipates them before they are even in the bud; which, there is reason to fear, in the majority of cases rather accelerates than prevents the accident. The motto of a Frenchwoman, as I learnt from the same authority, is to make life pass as agreeably as possible. "Elles ont," said he, "l'âme à la superficie du corps;" rather a dangerous exposure I should fear to ladies governed by such a motto.

Speaking of the national character, he was not less liberal. "They are," said he, "a very active, restless race, ever in motion, and yet do but little in comparison of what a better method would enable them to perform. Shifting perpetually, like the bee, from one object or pursuit to another, they never rest long on any; nor are they more readily attracted by novelty, than soon tired of possession. With minds keen and comprehensive for the attainment of knowledge, they are impatient of the labour of pursuing it, which will account for their so seldom arriving at profoundness. Their

schemes are laid broad and deep, but the superstructure seldom rises above the foundation."

In point of manners, as in gallantry, the French have doubtless an advantage over most other countries; but I should fear that just the reverse of what we have been hearing of their talent at laying their schemes, there is rather more of superstructure than foundation in these showy qualities.

It is gratifying to learn, that in consequence of superior education, the rising nobility of France are likely to have much less of that *superbia* for which they were in former days so distinguished—a quality to which, perhaps, as much as to most other things offensive in the aristocracy, the revolution was to be attributed. I never could understand the fascination of this odious quality. The possessor surely cannot be sensible of what a pitiful display of "littleness" it makes. I have no objection to a man of rank during the salient folly of youth, strutting a little big, and indulging in a very handsome latitude of privileged absurdity. But let

the essentials of the man still be held of more price than the accessories of the coxcomb; and for the pity he may have for poor human nature, let us hope there will be an end of this when he begins to get his grey head. Is it because he happens to be the son of a man of power or of wealth, an accident for which he neither deserves more credit nor more blame than for a hump on his back, that he is to offend the rational part of mankind, and make the angels uncomfortable? Yet not content with the hoary display of this weakness in themselves, it is not uncommon to see them instil it into their offspring, instead of taking the most special and never-ceasing care to check a propensity to which young people are but too prone without the tuition. There is nothing in the education of a young man of fashion or fortune, that ought to form *so* essential a part of his mind, as to learn to estimate what constitutes *true* claims to human respect. Yet you may sometimes see the thing commencing in a callous puppy, almost before the green down is off him. If he prides himself

on being "the tenth transmitter" of a pedigree, let him ask himself, is a coxcomb improved for having passed through ten filtrations such as himself? If he will strut in the pride of his ancestry and his tailor, let us not have it impressed upon us, that it is the coat in both cases that makes the man, and not the man the coat; it matters not whether it is a coat of arms, or one of Stultz's. *Non domino domus, sed domus domino honestanda.* It is to be hoped the lesson of thirty years may keep this foolish arrogance for the future within some endurable bounds.

18th.—Left Paris, upon the whole very well satisfied with my few weeks' ramble, having seen much to admire, as well as much to disapprove; but certainly not less in humour with good old England than I was before; which, as far as travelling has brought me acquainted with national character, to estimate as it deserves, only requires to have visited any other country under the sun. And even with all the fascination of their polish and sociality, I confess the frank, candid, manly honesty of

Englishmen, provided only that it is not vulgar, has charms for me above any *French* varnish of manners, however they may have been studied under a *maître d'agrémens*. But, more than all, the liberty we enjoy, through the blessings of a free constitution, under the best of Kings, makes me feel quite satisfied at home.

οὐδὲ ἐγωγε
ἠς γαίας δυναμαί γλυκωτερον αλλο ἰδεσθαι.

CHAP. VIII.

To see so large a portion of enlightened mankind, the largest and fairest part of Europe, sunk in servitude to the stupendous and glaring absurdities of so rank a superstition as the Roman Catholic, is a phenomenon in human imbecility that confounds explanation. But however we may mourn for poor human nature, it is evidently as inconsistent with reason, as with the spirit of true religion, to hope to combat the evil by waging an eternal conflict of abuse and recrimination. Yet are there too many who regard such a polemical spirit as being only "zealously affected in a good cause;" not recollecting that this zeal ends precisely where it begins, in words; occupying itself in diatribe, in place of silencing the ene-

mies of truth, by setting the example of its practice.

The purpose of the following reflections is to afford the reader an opportunity of judging whether, notwithstanding the invulnerable excellencies of our own church, there is still not enough of infirmity left in all conscience to keep us both humble and charitable.

I cannot be ignorant of the tremendous disadvantages under which a layman ventures an opinion on the subject of religion, and that such an attempt may savour even of presumption; but so long as salvation is the common concernment of mortals, and that it cannot be intended by Providence there should be one religion for the rich, and another or none at all for the poor, one for the learned, and another for the simple, one for the clergy, and another for the laity, — it appears to me that any subject of Christendom is fairly at liberty to contribute his mite of humble opinion when he thinks it may be of use. If he sees, or even fancies he sees, that he can point out how the interests of our religion have been essentially

obstructed, as a member of the Christian commonwealth, he conceives he is not merely at liberty, but that the positive duty lies upon him to do his utmost, *ne quod detrimenti respublica caperet*. And whether, as we read in a late address of the two houses of convocation to our beloved Sovereign, "we direct our attention to the avowed enemies of Christianity, or to those who, professing the faith of Christ, sedulously labour to disparage and degrade the church," never was there a more dangerous spirit of infidelity abroad than at the present moment, or one to which so many circumstances concur to give effect and encouragement. If we would be convinced of this, let us only take a slight general survey of the apathy of those ranks whose example is most influential, the mockery of the learned, the disregard of religion in private, its mere formality in public, the systematic levity of all ranks, the lethargy of bishops, and indolence of the clergy in general. These, though they may be considered negative signs of declension, to my view (and I think I do not see through a jaun-

diced eye,) are very positively portentous, and the danger from its more direct enemies not the less for sometimes not appearing more openly. Like the operations of sapping and mining, the hostility is covert and steady, calculating for accomplishing its ends, rather upon time than force, *non vi, sed sæpè cadendo.* As one of the means of accomplishing this, scepticism has always some specious sophism afloat, to bring our religion into disfavour with the bulk of mankind. The cant of the present day is to convey the impression that men are no more answerable for what they believe, than for the hue of their skin or height of their stature; and there is hardly a radical canter, from Carlile up (or down, I don't determine), who is not *au fait* at paying back the jargon with usury. The time is gone by, these philosophers think, when it was necessary to write or speak even with a show of decorous reserve on the subject. The present scoffer proceeds in some instances by open storm, and while there is so little pains taken to put the people in the way of comprehending the grounds upon

which they found their belief, we can hardly wonder that many of the better, as well as lower classes, should become an easy prey to the specious sophistry by which they are beset. How can we place any dependance on that man's faith who never has bestowed perhaps one hour in his life in examining the foundation upon which it rests? But the most appalling consideration of all, is the dread fact, that of all the enemies of Christianity, none positively have inflicted so severe a blow, as those whose express duty it is to protect it.

I shall beg to detain the reader with a few desultory thoughts on two of the chief causes of this scepticism: 1st, the conduct of the upper ranks of society; and, 2dly, the indifference of the clergy. After considering these causes, we shall be better able to see where we should commence to check the evil, whether the flock or the shepherds are really to blame for the present state of Christianity in this country, against which so great an outcry is raised by the orthodox Christian.

It would be an invidious task to set about an

analysis of the life and conversation of individuals in the leading ranks, or we should find here abundant matter for our purpose. Whether, indeed, it might not be advisable to include a periodical report on this subject, as part of a statistical census of the population, is a point I shall not stop to discuss, (though the office of censor was once an important branch of political economy,) but merely ask, what so rare, as to see one family of high rank conspicuous for exertions in behalf of our religion, or who give the smallest reason to believe that their conduct is governed by its precepts? It is true, of late years there has been a visible augmentation to the ranks of Christianity among our nobility and gentry; but then the very observation which they have attracted, is itself a proof of the melancholy fact I am stating. We are, however, not here discussing the exceptions. With respect to the majority of persons in the upper ranks of life, let me ask, whether, if we pass over the periodical visit to church, there is much better proof of their being Christians than disciples of

Mahomet? Whatever they may contend for in spirituals, do they not in practice rather appear to adopt the Koran than the Bible? Let us measure them a little by that code of morals, which, whatever differences may exist as to *forms* of faith, all, I believe, are agreed to acknowledge as the rule of conduct binding throughout the Christian community. Is there a single commandment more respected by the highest than the most humble? Where is there less practical recognition of one God? Nay, if criminal indulgences may be typified as so many idols, where is there a more abandoned and multiform idolatry? Doth high life pay greater respect to Sunday, guard more scrupulously the sanctity of the marriage-bed, fulfil the relations of private life with greater fidelity? Where do we find the vindictive passions more wantonly indulged? Is there even among the dregs of despair and guilt, a more appalling number of suicides in proportion to the aggregate amount of each class, than among those of late years who have been distinguished for their ascendancy in society and in the state?

To shew that these things are not accidental deviations, the crimes of the great, and of their apes in the lower ranks, have an extenuating and privileged vocabulary peculiar to themselves, which sufficiently demonstrates the small importance attached to the ordinary obligations of conscience. A gambler or a blackleg is a *sporting fellow*; the seducer of your wife or daughter, a *man of gallantry*; the Messalina, who veils her indulgences in the plenary privilege of her rank, a *gay person*; and there are all the gradations of gay: the duellist, who first insults, and then gives you *satisfaction* for insulting you, by taking your life, is a *man of honour* and approved courage; nay, the very murder makes him a character, if he had none before: libidinous conversation is *flirtation*: and so a thousand other offences, not only against religion, but common decency, are baptized in the same spirit of charity, at the font of fashionable toleration. Yet is this the Corinthian capital of polished society! How then, ye moralists and legislators, and how, ye judges of the land, who hang and banish, — how, I say,

shall we wonder that vice should be promoted by such example, when we reflect that there are so few who can have any thing but example to direct them? Into what a scene of injustice does not this laxity in the higher ranks convert the punishment of the lower? Not to speak of the blighting effect of such behaviour over all who worship immediately below them at the same shrine of fashion, and who embrace a very large mass of the most influential portion of mankind in every civilized country, what must be the effect on the lower order? Shall we look for prodigies of honesty in the servant, while gambling is the daily and nightly occupation of the master? If my lady spends her mornings in bed, or lounging on her couch, sipping tea over the raptures of some prurient novel, do we look for nothing but the Bible, or Irving's Orations, in the hands of the waiting-maid? These are plain, matter-of-fact questions; let them be answered in a business-like, candid manner. Yet the Legislature continues, up to the nineteenth century, to prosecute (or persecute) the propagation of heterodox opi-

nion! This may, it is true, be done less frequently of late than in times past; but still it *is* done; and it was but the other day that Carlile was enlarged, to reap the glory and the profits of his martyrdom. If, instead of bestowing the smallest notice on such a creature, he had been allowed full swing in his career, while the clergy took care to do their own proper duty of pre-occupying the public mind with sound principles, Carlile would still have continued to sell his primers in a petty shop, utterly unknown and unnoticed; certainly not, as at the present moment, living in comparative splendour on the public sympathy, his door besieged with all descriptions of persons, led from curiosity, to read the title-pages of his blasphemous publications.

Next let us turn our eyes to the shepherds of the flock, and see whether we have much more to console us in this quarter. Here, surely, if any where, we might expect a hearty zeal in the cause,—the most wakeful, untiring vigilance and jealousy of any attempt to bring it into discredit. Yet what is more proverbial than the

apathy of the clergy, more especially of the establishment? Nay, perhaps of all descriptions of hired labour that can be named, there is none in which the labourer generally takes less pains to "be worthy of his hire:" and besides this apathy, what secular enjoyment is there within the bounds of legal safety, that we do not see the spiritual teacher indulge as well as other men? Instead of humility and self-denial, have we not as many examples of pride and ostentation? Is there more charity or less selfishness? Do any set of men hoard with a keener eye to self-interest than the heads of the church? And if so, how shall we affect surprise, should the sceptic quote the pastor, if not as a plea, yet as a palliation for his opinions: and certainly, of all arguments, it is one of the most natural, for a man who is anxious to give a favourable colouring to his vices; for is it possible, he may ask himself, that I can believe this man places any real faith in a religion to which, so far as I can understand its solemn obligations, his conduct is so directly opposed? If against the incum-

bent weight of such authority it be no easy matter for the best disposed and strongest mind to bear up, what shall we say of the ignorant multitude, whose respect for religion and its teachers so entirely depends upon what transpires to them of their behaviour, either through public opinion or their own observation. The consequence is, (and any other consequence ought to surprise us) the clergy, notwithstanding a certain measured decency of exterior, come to fare little better in their estimation than if they were merely men of the world. And yet these are the "stewards of the mysteries of God, whose duty it is, by the most binding of engagements, to feed the flock of God; taking the oversight thereof, not by *constraint*, but *willingly*; not for filthy lucre, —not as lords over God's heritage, but *ensamples* to the flock."

The present is not an age for half measures. People have begun to observe and to think; and if the clergy would really have them to place any credence in what they teach, it is time they should shew that they believe it

themselves. Nay, even if their *temporal* interests were their only concern, let them be assured that it is high time they should consult a little more consistency between profession and practice. We hear a great deal from clergymen of the mischief done to our religion by such men as Hume and Voltaire; but however startling it may sound, positively more real injury is done by the professors of religion themselves, than by its most determined enemies. More scepticism is to be traced among the bulk of the people, to their apathy and inconsistency, than to all the speculations and revolting blasphemies of Carlile and the Christian Evidence Society. Nor does it require us to go far, or search deep, to find instances of this neglect of their duty. The humblest person in his Reverence's parish sees, that beyond the stated routine of church service, he seldom volunteers the smallest extra trouble to visit his parishioners, with the view of ascertaining of what effect his ministry has been productive. If he can get his tithes as well paid for preaching once a week, I put it

to himself, does the human being draw breath, who, by any remonstrance, shall be able to shame him into preaching twice, or to bend one extra knee? Unless called upon by some professional duty, which he cannot with decency evade, he probably has never paid a single visit to a pauper in the neighbourhood from one end of the year to the other; and whether the sheep are in the right path, or whether in fact he has been squandering his piety on the most perverse and irreclaimable of goats, he has never put one question, either as to the grounds or the growth of their faith. When you come to inquire into his usual habits, the divine ensample will be found, simply, a well-feeding parson, and as content as any other man of mere flesh, to slide through the world with a good dinner, a fox-hunt, and a rubber at whist. I cannot place this apathy in a stronger light than by citing the words of the excellent and pious archbishop of Dublin. "It is not," says his Grace, "by the parish minister's securing the ostensible discharge of his Sunday's duty that

he properly exercises his functions; or even by his providing for a punctual attention to those occasional duties, which he is invited to discharge. No, the clergyman should be the true *parish priest*, in continual contact with his flock; one whose voice they know; not only in constant residence amongst them, but in continual intercourse with them,—their adviser, their friend, the moderator of their disputes, the composer of their differences, the careful instructor of their children; not content merely to afford spiritual aid where it may be demanded, but vigilant to discover where it may be applied, and prompt to bestow it where it will be received,—stimulating all, and particularly the young, to come to that fountain of living waters, which it is his office to dispense." —"This he can effect only by his continued *personal* discharge of the several offices of the priesthood."

Although I may appear rather fastidiously to have named the amusement of hunting, as unbefitting the spiritual gravity of a clergyman; let it not be supposed that I object hunting parti-

cularly to the ministers of the gospel. I know there are numbers of them who have not hunted, and do not hunt through a whole clerical lifetime. Still there are too many exceptions to this ghostly abstinence, which may be rather startling to an ignorant lay-parishioner, who puzzles himself to understand how his pastor should be so occupied at all, while the concerns of his parochial charge are neglected. Some allowance too may be made for the prejudice which has been taught to view the clergy as the "messengers, watchmen, and stewards of the Lord, to teach and to premonish, and to feed the Lord's family, to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for his children, who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved." A little indulgence, perhaps, also may be extended on account of the impression made by the 75th Canon, ordaining that "no ecclesiastical persons shall, at any time, give themselves to drinking and riot, *spending their time idly by day or by night*, playing at dice, cards, tables, or any other unlawful game." Yet,

although hunting cannot come under the head of games, lawful or unlawful; and a clergyman may most orthodoxly take his hunt, spite of the strict letter of the 75th Canon; still it does certainly look a little too much like spending "his time idly by day;" not to raise a question as to its constructive meaning. How he will creep out of the direct injunction respecting his rubber, and "idling by night;" are points I must leave to the interpretation of the church.

I am prepared to hear it pleaded in mitigation, that the solemnity of his general deportment, and his impressive preaching, must sufficiently counteract any evil influence arising from occasional laxity in a pastor's private hours. The plea will be allowed; only let it first be decided how many homilies against gambling and hunting are sufficient to neutralize any one given instance of this reverend recreation. As to the exact quantum of moral impurity, there is no question before us. His Reverence may mean no more harm while wrangling over the odd trick, than if he were

revising or collecting his sermon for next day. The mischief arises from the practice being liable to be quoted for any other case, however unclerical and atrocious. Whether he plays for five-pound points at whist, or only frolics a little at penny loo, he should not quite forget that the same authority which commands not to covet, enjoins "not to give thine enemy cause to speak ill of thee, and to shun all *appearance* of evil." In my conception of the conduct befitting a clergyman, so far from the decent exterior, the grave look, the flowing surplice, cocked hat, lawn sleeves, or even the stated predication, availing as any excuse for his dissipated moments, or moments of vanity and levity, they are actual aggravations. A clergyman, in my view of his duties, cannot be too circumspect of appearances. Like Cæsar's wife, he should not even be suspected. "With regret do I say it," says Burnet, "that although I have observed Papists, Lutherans, Calvinists, and Dissenters, in many other parts of the world, our clergy are, without all comparison, more remiss in their labours in private, and the least

"severe in their lives;" whence it appears that such things are rather an old failing.

But seriously and most solemnly I demand of my pastor, to tell me how he can stand excused in his own sight for such truancy. Does he not feel that even a disregard of appearances is more or less subversive of the faith which he is so sacredly pledged to defend? Surely to call such conduct by the name of hypocrisy is extenuation. Supposing a clergyman to be really indifferent, positively careless or insincere in the discharge of his awful trust, in the absence of a fitter term, and with all the consequences of cacophony to be incurred, shall I not have more than the colour of a pretext to call it perjury, deliberate perjury,—if to be perjured, means to have wilfully violated or omitted to perform the most binding of sacred obligations, voluntarily undertaken? Once allow it to be perjury, it is the most barefaced and unblushing, as it is done *pro Deo et mundo*, and as it were in mockery of the world, for whose behoof the engagement was incurred; and it is a perjury of the most im-

pious character, since God is not only a witness to the obligation, but a party to the engagement, whereby the minister contracts with his God to "feed the flock" committed to his keeping. "Wo be to the shepherds of Israel," says the prophet, speaking of the clergy of his own day, "that do *feed themselves:* should not the shepherds feed the flocks? Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool; but ye feed not the flock: the diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick; neither have ye bound up that which was broken; neither have ye sought that which was lost. And they were scattered, because there was no shepherd, and became meat to all the beasts of the field when they were scattered."

I am aware that what I have said is liable to be viewed with an eye of some asperity by divers worthy members of the church; and seeing my danger, I must once more take the liberty of placing the Archbishop in my front. Speaking of the indolence of the clergy in his own diocese, in a tone of heavy complaint, he says:

"I *repeat*, the discipline of this diocese may be said to have been totally neglected." "If the performance of the clerical duties be not conducted in strict accordance with the established rules; if the education of the young be not sufficiently promoted,—an education not of compromise or neutrality, which in truth is no education, but an education religious, spiritual, and awakening,—the cause of the established church, and with it the cause of Christianity, will, in the natural course of things, be lost in this country," &c.

Can the stickler for the unity of the church wonder then that sects should have every where sprung up, and that we should have been made to suffer long and severely from Methodism in its worst acceptation? The cant of a sanctimonious Methodist no doubt does a monstrous deal of mischief; but it is an evil on the right side, if any evil can be on that side. If the Methodist is laborious in his vocation, and equally rigid in his requisitions of piety from others, it still is *possible*, whatever his motives are, that they may not be seen through; and

while this is the case, his overmuch righteousness may pass for true piety, and have the same effect as piety. But we have no right to ascribe unworthy motives to this or any other sect, so long as they are diligent labourers; and even if some were instigated to foul actions by their necessity, bad as such a case would be, it is more pardonable than the conduct of him who, without this necessity, neglects or violates his duty. Men should always allow for human nature and human depravity. Wherever there is real, pinching, pressing, despairing poverty, there must always be a strong call on our charity and sympathy. A clergyman in easy circumstances has no excuse. The very anxiety for finding a flaw in a Methodist, only shews how little religion we have ourselves. When jumping, and quaking, and other varieties of pious knavery, deserve to be exposed, let the orthodox do it by their behaviour, and this will be doing it to purpose. If it is a crime in a poor Methodist to be very instant "in season and out of season," while his coffers are empty, and hunger at the door,—is there (it

is with profound deference I ask it,) is there no harm in a Bishop receiving eight or ten thousand a-year, the greater part of which he expends upon himself, while, instead of hunger being at his door, repletion is his companion? Bishops are, to be sure, dignitaries of the church, and dignity requires money to keep it up. A fair allowance of the unrighteous mammon no one could object to, to enable Bishops to live respectably,—nay, very respectably; but that these lowly dignitaries should be lodged in palaces, when their divine Master knew not where to lay his head, and be pampered like Aldermen in all manner of secular luxury, and fed with turtle and venison, while the Methodist can hardly chew his crust free from some unlucky chance in the chapter of accidents,—are circumstances in our estimate of the parties not to be lost sight of, I own, notwithstanding all the good eloquence which has been expended in supporting the dignity of the hierarchy, I never could see how it could be made serviceable to the cause of a religion the essence of which is self-denial and humi-

lity; or that while Bishops should be allowed to raise their mitred front in courts and parliaments, parading their liveries and their state, as Lords spiritual taking rank of Lords temporal,—the poor Curate, the coarse-clad Curate, should be left to starve on a pittance hardly equal to his most reverend Lordship's or Grace's butler. While these facts are known to us, in what light is a sensible man to look upon their monitions against the vanities and vices of the world, their orations on temperance, charity, humility, spiritual-mindedness, and all the train of Christian graces, which they enforce with so much good emphasis from the pulpit? Yet these are the overseers of the vineyard! Would Christ have appointed such overseers? or did he contemplate such a church establishment, as necessary to the successful issue of a ministry whom he would not allow to provide so much as scrip or staff for their journey in propagating the truths of his Gospel?—Yes, but then, rejoins the Bishop, times are altered; *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur;* and in the present circumstances of the world, the religion

could not stand without these accessories. Not stand? That religion, of which it was said by its Founder, that it is built on the rock of ages, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it? And so to give it stability, the principles, the essential, characteristic, vital principles which it inculcates, are to be openly set at nought to accommodate the times! Oh, if this be the reasoning of its overseers, it is an awful juggle; nor could it survive a single day, if the ignorance and apathy of the people as to their interest in the question were not on a par with the cunning that abuses it. But I shall be told, perhaps, these are mysteries not for us to know here, but we shall know hereafter. We see into these matters as through a glass darkly; and it may be part of the creed, that he who would be saved, must, above all things, not think irreverently of the Bishops, or the expense and vanities of our church establishment.

At the conclusion of one of the charges which his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has been kindly in the habit of sending me for

some years, I find a sore denunciation against such as conceive the property of the clergy too great. I sadly regret, that while we coincide in so many essential points, I should find myself here at any variance with so profound and commanding an authority. His Grace, with an earnestness as if he were just seizing the arm of the clergy, in the act of throwing their treasures on the altar of their repentance, like the thirty pieces of silver, — most implôringly "hopes that they will never *voluntarily* relinquish property so essentially connected with the independent discharge of their duty; which enables them to proceed without fear, and which, next to the true Christian spirit that lifts above all, gives to them that tone and elevation which raises them above every other body of clergy on the face of the earth." (Vide Charge, 24th October, 1822.) If a tone here means a high key, no doubt wealth does too frequently dispose to elevate it; though it may yet be infinitely below the tone of that religion whose true elevation is humility. To my ear it sounds but little in concord with such

a religion, to say that riches are necessary to enable its devoted ministers to proceed "*with independence, and without fear*," in the discharge of those duties of which St. Paul said, "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature," should be able to separate him from the love of God. "Who," says the Apostle, "shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" Yet a Bishop must have some thousands a year to prevent the accident of his sliding into the temptation of "*fear and dependence*" in the execution of his trust.

CHAP. IX.

We shall now bestow a few thoughts on the duties of the clergy. In the first place I assume, that if a clergyman would secure any probable chance of the majority of his flock profiting by his ministry, he should, as the Archbishop has so emphatically urged, take some pains to become acquainted with them on the week days, as well as collectively on Sunday. The spiritual state of no one under his ministry should be a secret to him. If he is a true Apostle, he will consider it as essential a part of his duty to seek as to be sought after. Our blessed Saviour continually went about doing good; "to seek and to save those that were lost." Guided by his example, his immediate followers encountered voluntarily the

utmost hardship, sufferings, and danger, braving death itself in its most horrible forms, so that they might only be instrumental in propagating the truths of the Gospel. "Ye know," says the Apostle of the Gentiles, "from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations; and how I *kept back nothing that was profitable unto you*, but have shewed you, and have taught you *publicly*, and from *house to house*, testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there; save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions await me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the *ministry* which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God. And now, behold, I know

that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not *shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.* Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Spirit hath made you overseers (Bishops), to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. For I know this, that after my departure, shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." What an awful contrast is here to the doctrine and practice of the successors in office of those holy Apostles!

What a reproach to our hierarchy, that with the means they possess of propagating knowledge, there should exist one individual, come to the age of reflection, unprovided with a

competent acquaintance with the *leading* doctrines of his Bible! While we are fussing and squabbling about sending missionaries to every remote part of the earth, in the heart of the Archbishop of Canterbury's see will be found, as they are to be found in every other part of this most Christian country, numerous persons of both sexes as destitute of any knowledge of the scheme of their redemption, and as unfurnished with any reasons for the hope that is in them, as if they were the inhabitants of Tombuctoo. It has often occurred to me, that it would be well worth the trouble to take a census of the number of persons in each parish who have any correct understanding of the faith they profess. In the neighbourhood of Gloucester, and in a part of the country where clergymen abound, I can produce men, if required, who know no more of Jesus Christ than by the name; and one of them, nearly fifty years of age, literally had not advanced so far. Yet a clergyman has no hesitation in telling an assembly of the most illiterate persons in his parish, that unless they believe the Scriptures,

they are in danger of eternal damnation; while he is conscious, at the time he is pronouncing this anathema, that he has never moved as far as from the vestry to the pulpit, beyond the routine of his church, to assist them in the work. He scruples not to inveigh against popery in terms the most vehement, and with a license of antipathy that would do honour to a Puritan in his sourest mood; and yet the bulk of his auditory know no more about the doctrinal difference between Popery and Protestantism, than between Pelagianism and Arianism, Socinianism and Antinomianism, or any of the other endless varieties of *ism*, with which bigotry and party zeal teem in the sects of Christendom. Can any absurdity much exceed this? I venture to assert, that not one half of any parish in England, taking the whole aggregate population, from the highest to the lowest, have ever bestowed the least serious attention on the Scriptures, nay not many even of those who make a shew of attending places of public worship; while there is a vast number as completely unread in the Bible as

Kepler's Problems, and still not a few unable to read it at all. Would this be the case if the shepherds of the flock were earnest? would it be the case, if the bloated revenues of our bloated Bishops, or even the thinner clergy, were requited by any hearty zeal in the cause? A great deal is said about the millennial blessings which are to flow in after the labours of the Bible Societies shall have been consummated. But what is this consummation so devoutly to be wished to effect, if the people had all Bibles at this instant, and do not read them? Heaven only knows how little the possession of a Bible effects even in their betters. If it rained Bibles, would not the services of the clergy be still as much as ever required, to ascertain whether these Bibles were read with understanding? "And Philip ran to him, and heard him read the prophet Isaias, and said, understandest thou what thou readest? and he said, how can I, except some man should guide me?" If the people do not need some man to guide them in their study of

the Scriptures in the present day, then why are we burthened with a church establishment? What is the use of a ministry?

No wonder the Roman Catholic church, corrupt and indolent as it is, should regard ignorance as their best support; for certainly, if we are not to try and maintain the religion in its primæval purity, it makes one of the very worst national creeds imaginable, since it rejects the only aid that can make a mere state religion influential on the minds of the multitude — superstitious ceremonies and imposing solemnities. As a piece of state show, I contend that even *paganism* would be preferable; for here the clergy might be as indolent as they pleased, without any inconsistency with their profession. There would be no need of expositors of the Scriptures — no need for distributing Bibles. The oracles would have better effect locked up, like the Sybilline books. A Bishop might then raise his mitred front in courts and parliaments; and lavish what share he liked of his 8 or 10,000 a year on his indul-

gences, without one condescension required from his dignity in the work of "oversight" or instruction.

Nor is it merely the indolence of the clergy which is calculated to do mischief. By a strange fatality that cleaves to them, where they really *do* appear earnestly zealous and active, their services are to the full as injurious as when they are shamefully the reverse. I allude, as one exemplification of this sad truth, to the multiplication of threadbare compilations, which are dignified by the name of evidences of our faith — things incalculably more fitted to darken counsel than to clear it up. Yet is there hardly an obscure village or country town, where the van of some bookseller's shop-window does not present something of this description to the eye of the passing gazer; and as if our religion were, as Burke remarks of our Constitution, "not to be enjoyed, but always to be a subject of altercation," there seems not the smallest probability of any definite period to this contest of proofs and illustrations. The very titles on the back of some

of their books are fitted to do more harm than their learned contents can rectify. What is a quiet, well-disposed, honest believer, who never took it into his head to question one tittle of the record of his faith in the course of his life, to think, when such works as the following are obtruded on his observation: — *On the Credibility of the Gospel Story; An Apology for the Bible; Christianity not a Cunningly Devised Fable; A Plea for Religion; Not Paul, but Jesus; Divine Authority of the Holy Scriptures asserted; The Doctrine of the Trinity attempted to be Proved.* One reverend divine announcing a volume of *Corrections of the Text of the Scriptures;* another proposing to reconcile its *apparent contradictions,* &c. with evidence upon evidence, and every variety of attack and defence between the combatants of the contending sects into which our religion is split and subdivided. What is the anxious bewildered traveller on his way to Canaan to think, when he sees his spiritual guides thus crossing each other's path? If the book entitled *Jewish Prophecy the sole Criterion to distinguish between*

Genuine and Spurious Christian Scripture, should happen to meet his eye, what strength it must infuse into his hope, to find a clergyman the author of it! Besides innumerable such comforting supplements to the pile of musty theology, we have *The New Version of the Testament by the Unitarians*. Animating novelty! The Bishop of such a thing's *Refutation of Calvinism*: the reader may be a Calvinist, but he is at liberty to draw comfort, by supposing the work intended as a set-off against *High Church Claims Exposed*, which announces the labours of some other reverend labourer in the vineyard. Then there is *Evanson's Dissonance of the Four Gospels* to counterbalance *Macknight's Harmony of the same*; and, to crown all, he is presented with a sermon on *Fickleness in Religion*, in which he finds the *wavering* lost sinner denounced for daring to doubt, when all is so clear that he who runs may read. Next we have a book of *Evidences of Religion on a New and Original Plan*; the old ones, of course, being somewhat the worse for the wear, or on the supernumerary list. Item the *Integrity of the Greek Vul-*

gate Vindicated: refreshing vindication to the man whose faith had had a little shake by perusing the title of the learned divine's *Corrections of the Text of Scripture,* and *Faber's Horæ Mosaicæ, on the Credibility of the Pentateuch.* Item, *Nares' Discourse on the Three Creeds,* — rather puzzling to him who is sufficiently perplexed in settling one. Imagine the single-hearted person whom I have been supposing, bewildered by such an endless number and variety of works, to be set down blindfolded at the Seven Dials in this city, and depending on the direction of a number of persons, to tell him the way to the Bishop of London's, whither he is posting for some spiritual consolation, no two of whom agree, and you have no very inaccurate representation of his dilemma, putting only the penalty that, failing of the blessing of finding his way to the Bishop, he should be damned for straying to the Strand or Charing Cross. I am speaking, of course, not of an absolutely illiterate portion of the people, but of such as have received the usual initiation at a parish or national school, perhaps a mechanic institution,

with a grounding in the catechism of the church, and a fair share of good common sense. I omit specially to notice, among these labours of the clergy, their very indiscreet, litigious zeal in the *conduct* of their squabbles and controversies, perplexing each other, and bewildering the subject, and confounding the reader; the whole conducted, it may be, with a vast parade of learning, acceptations of words multiplied, interpretations of passages strained to suit their respective views, the most forced analogies cited to clear up obscurities much less obscure without them, readings and copies collated *ad infinitum*, omissions supplied, and, in short, with every license of disputative acrimony poured forth in overwhelming profusion upon the text of that Book, of which the respective champions are bound to preach that its truths are revealed to babes and sucklings. I much question whether it be possible to push human inconsistency much farther. In the name of common sense, have not eighteen centuries been sufficient to shew the barrenness of such sort of learned trifling? Will not the poor man,

who sees all this, be ready to supplicate Heaven to forbid that his eternal happiness should depend upon the truth of a religion which stands in need of such assistance? Surely, surely it can never be, that the revelation of the will of God should have been left so defective as to require such human propping and patching. Upon the whole, then, I should be very much tempted to reason in this matter, as did Califf Omar in respect to the burning of the Alexandrian Library. If there is nothing in these pious labours which is not contained in the Bible, they should be destroyed; or, if they contain any thing which is not to be found in the Bible, they equally deserve this fate. But very different from the case of Califf Omar, the world would have little to regret, if the entire mass of these edifying volumes were consigned to the flames.

That a clergyman may, most consistently with his duty, be excused for defending any point of doctrine from the assaults of such as would pervert the meaning of the Scriptures in *things essential*, we cannot object, if it be done

discreetly and in season. He is not only excusable for the proceeding, but his neglect to do what lay in his power to expose errors vitally affecting his faith, would be unpardonable supineness. The defence of the garrison is in every way allowable; but it is censurable generalship wantonly to provoke attacks. It is not merely unnecessary, but positively injurious to the cause of Christianity, to be every day adding to the pile of perplexing evidence; or, whether plain or perplexing, the effect is the same, if we allow, as it is to be hoped we may allow, that the evidence which preceded it has not been incomplete to satisfy all reasonable minds. Such attempts may raise a suspicion of the weakness of the cause, but can never add confirmation. It is evidently worse than being silent altogether. One moment's reflection must shew, that in place of accumulating what is commonly termed evidences, the legitimate aim of all theological learning is to curtail and simplify every thing requiring to be made more intelligible and level to human capacity; so that in deed, and in truth, "he who

runs might read." This would be to render revelation co-extensive with its object of embracing the humble and unlettered among the human species, who claim the same right to have their reason satisfied as the most refined expositor of theological subtilties.

In the other extreme I have met with divers grave clergymen, who gravely insist that we should not enter on the subject of evidences with the common people at all, such an indiscreet proceeding being apt to cause them to doubt what they otherwise had embraced, probably without ever being assailed by the least distrust. *Hac urguet lupus, hac canis.* This doctrine is precisely on a par with what Cicero says of the superstition of his own day,—"non sunt ista vulgò disputanda, ne susceptas publicè religiones disputatio talis extinguat;" which in such a case was a caution at once both sensible and salutary. But when applied to Christianity, its bitterest enemy, Hobbs, the Devil, or even Voltaire himself, could hardly have uttered any thing more severe. But let me tell the reverend protectors and jealous guard-

jans of our faith who offer this advice, that whatever danger they may see attending the use of reason in this matter, the people have souls to be saved as well as the clergy, and a rational nature claiming the same right to be satisfied. I tell my reverend comforters more,—that whatever they may think of our religion not bearing to be looked into, it has nothing to fear from any investigation, if undertaken with a proper spirit; and such a spirit or frame of mind and heart it would be more befitting to exert themselves to beget, than in merely contenting themselves with denouncing and deprecating inquiry into the grounds of what the people are at the peril of eternal damnation required (O monstrous inconsistency!) by these very pastors to believe. But we must not presume to doubt. Then what reason do we assign for believing? The word of the clergyman. The disciples of Mahomet have as much. Of what use is my spiritual teacher, if he does not satisfy all my difficulties and doubts when they spring up in my mind, during an investigation of the Scriptures, which I am desired to search

diligently on the inspired authority of the Author of Christianity himself? "No woman has learning enough," said a certain very learned divine, "to entitle her to be a sceptic." "How, then, comes it," rejoined his friend, "that she has learning enough to be a believer?" Doubt is in fact the parent of inquiry, and inquiry of knowledge. He that never doubted, never examined; and he that never examined can claim no more credit for the reasonableness of his creed than the worshipper of Alla; and to labour under an unsatisfied difficulty, striving against our distrust while we would be thought to have none, is to be a hypocrite. Besides, are we to make no allowance for temperament or education? One man, with a sanguine credulous turn of mind, is brought up by religious parents. The impression is early made; and without farther inquiry he would die a martyr for the opinions he has taken on the faith of his grandmother, as readily as a votary of Juggernaut. Another, of a phlegmatic disposition, disposed to search and sift into the truth of every thing proposed

to his belief, is just the reverse. He will believe nothing on mere authority, — no, not if it came recommended by his *great* grandmother. Both of these characters are equally the result of circumstances in which they had no voice. Can we question that both may not be equally anxious about their eternal concerns? And yet, because one is by temperament credulous and unhesitating, he is regarded in a safer road to eternal happiness than his neighbour, who, to an equal, perhaps a much more intense anxiety about his destination, adds a hundred times the pains and industry to satisfy himself as to the grounds of his hope. Doubting, so far from necessarily implying a criminal, unscriptural distrust, may, and perhaps very generally is, a laudable impatience for truth, and will exist just in proportion to the intense anxiety we feel for what we wish to be true. Out of this very principle in the human constitution has grown the proverbial distrust, when we fear "it is too good news to be true;"—and what event connected, with his being can any man in his senses be so anxious about as his eternal,

immortal destination! If we admit such stupid orthodoxy, why do we complain of the church of Rome, for requiring an implicit surrender of reason to her infallibility? Her catechism is given but to be committed to memory, and swallowed by wholesale. If he shuts out examination, does the Protestant divine place his own on a more respectable footing? It will be said people have their Bibles to consult. So a sick man may be supplied with physic; but if not told how to use it, may it not prove a poison as well as a remedy: and so it falls out, that what between prohibiting inquiry on the one hand, and suffocating the people with proofs on the other, the flock are after all left to shift for themselves, to the *palpatio mera* of their own unaided judgments; thus annihilating every use and service of the ministry in the work of edification.

If I may be permitted to suggest what it appears to me the true uses and duty of a pastor are, I should say, if he really is in earnest that the Scriptures should produce their proper fruits, he ought to take nothing on

trust. An anxious husbandman does not content himself with merely sowing the seed. If he will secure the hopes of a harvest, his anxiety never abates until he has seen whether it takes root; and if so, that its growth is not kept back or choked with weeds, which, when he discovers, it will be his daily care to root out; so that his careful labours can never be said to have an end until the harvest is in a fair way for making a return, *et demum votis respondet avari Agricolæ.* And I put it to any candid honest clergyman, whether this is not precisely the course he would pursue with his farm or cabbage garden? The hazards which the young Christian has to encounter are infinite in kind and number. The examples, temptations, and distractions of life are ever ready to sow the tares in his early heart, or to blight the growth of a thriving crop. There are many chances that if he does not neglect his religious duties altogether, he may be biassed to entertain perverted views on the subject. The very heathens were alive to this consideration, as we find by the same authority we have

just quoted: "Cum omnibus in rebus temeritas in assentiendo errorque turpis est, tum in eo loco maximè in quo judicandum est quantum religioni tribuamus; est enim periculum ne aut neglectis iis impiâ fraude, aut susceptis anili superstitione obligemur;" and hence fanaticism and perversions without number.

There is but one other case of mischievous activity which I shall notice, and that is the habit which zealous pastors get into of abusing all persuasions that differ from their own, the principle of which is so very foolish and pharisaical, that it hardly bears one serious remark. Is it because I happen to be an Anabaptist, lauded and well fed by my own congregation, that I am at liberty to spit my pious spleen at a Wesleyan; and rousing him into corresponding hostility, not expect my anathema to be returned with usury? Let the precedent be once admitted, and lo what becomes of religion? *Clamore pari concurritur.* We have the whole of Christendom at loggerheads; Papist against Protestant; Presbyterian against Churchman; Churchman assaulting Papist; each shade

of dissent abusing another throughout their endless gradations: Baptists, Anabaptists, Socinians, Arians, Jumpers, Quakers, Moravians, Methodists—all by the ears, preaching peace and the love of God; and thus the feud is perpetuated from father to son.

——— vetus et antiqua simultas
Immortale odium, et nunquam sanabile vulnus.*

My reverend ensamples of all true spiritual piety, remember one thing; I beseech you do not forget, though you preach it yourselves, that although you have all faith, so that you could remove mountains, and have not charity, you are nothing. Believe me, it is strictly within the true meaning of that toleration,†

* They betray the same feeling towards their flocks. There is nothing that discomposes Churchman or Sectary more, than to spy one of his sheep straying off; and certainly if we saw the shepherd taking a great deal of pains to feed them in his own proper pasture, we might suppose this jealousy to proceed from a holy dread of their being starved in any other: but, alas! it is the fleecy fat wether who gives uneasiness; a poor shorn devil may travel where he likes.

† This word is much abused. There are, who, under shelter

without which all religion is merely farce and mockery; that he who does his best in this world to lead men on to virtue, will not be damned in the next, no matter to what sect he happens to have belonged. This is common sense, which never can be in opposition to true religion. I am acquainted with a clergyman, once a furious bigot, who after many years of secession from the church returned to it again. While out, his creed was in continual vacillation, and one of the most humiliating lessons of intolerance that can be conceived. In his eyes, every man whose opinions did not exactly tally with his own, was anathema maranatha: at present I really believe him to be a sober man and good Christian, and likely to continue so—until the next paroxysm.

Upon the whole, it appears to me a clergyman has a very clear line of duty chalked out

of what they call "enlightened toleration," insinuate opinions the most adverse to all religion. But, as Burke observed, speaking of the tolerating principles of the French philosophers, "that those should tolerate all opinions who think none to be of estimation, is a matter of small merit."

for him. He should not only perform his stated duties in the sanctuary with zeal, but make provision, and bestow no less sedulous a portion of his exertions that this zeal may be productive. The following is a rude sketch of a plan which I think would ensure all the benefits, and obviate all the evils we have been adverting to, without touching one stone in the fabric of our venerable establishment. In the first place, they should be a working clergy. The lowest ministers would, as it is most proper they ought, have the heavy detail of inquiring into the spiritual condition of the flock. To economize time and labour, a very simple arrangement might greatly facilitate the task, so that none should have reason to complain of being overlooked. If the number of deacons in any instance were insufficient, it might be permitted to have the aid of lay-coadjutors where their own immediate presence could be dispensed with. The next step is to register the name, and condition, and character, and every other particular necessary to an acquaintance with the circumstances and necessities, both

spiritual and temporal, of every individual pauper in his parish. The fittest mode of keeping such register might be left to the suggestions of experience; but it would be advisable to have it as easily accessible, and as convenient for ready consultation, as possible. This done, the clergyman commences his own proper duties of searching into the spiritual health of his charge, *e. g.* inquiring of such as had been confirmed, whether they still recollected their engagements. Those who had not undergone confirmation, would be exhorted and prepared for that ordinance. In both cases he would satisfy himself that the disciple understood upon what reasonable grounds he received the sacred record, as binding on his obedience. With respect to adults, the same strict inquiry to be instituted, and the same pains taken to enlighten and instruct; while all cases of ignorance or error, or wilful obstinacy against admonition, or other ground of irreligion, would be specifically stated. All this might be done, not inquisitorially or authoritatively,—for even if practicable, it would defeat the whole pur-

pose,—but, as in Scotland, with the kindness and gentleness becoming such a delicate mission. By such a method of conducting the pastoral charge, the spiritual and temporal necessities of no one, however humble or obscure, could remain unknown: and besides that it would really be securing the blessings of a *rational Christianity*, it would at the same time be the best possible discipline for ensuring efficient and pious ministers, and so prove the firmest bulwark of the church. Ample proofs would be continually before the eye of their Bishop as to their claims to preferment; and this being once known to be grounded on merit, we should have a Christian ministry truly worthy of the name. And surely, if there is any profession where promotion ought to depend on merit, this is the one.

In executing the catechetical task, nothing should be taken for granted as to the religious furniture of the mind. The meanest being, with the humblest degree of rationality, should be treated as a human creature, having hopes of immortality as well as his teacher. The

language in which he is addressed should be the plainest possible, and the exposition of the scheme and proofs of his religion condensed into the smallest compass, consistent with perfect perspicuity. I mention this, because the clergy in their sermons are generally guilty of beginning at the wrong end: they set about enforcing the doctrines, before the hearer is instructed as to the grounds upon which they are offered to his reception; so that it is a *petitio principii* from first to last. Indeed, nothing can be much more unsatisfactory to a reflecting mind than sermons in general are. A text is selected, and all the learning of the preacher expended in fortifying and ornamenting this isolated fragment, of whose bearings the yawning hearer may be as innocent as of the longitude: it is like the man we read of in ancient times, who, to give an idea of the house he was anxious to dispose of, carried one of the bricks in his pocket. And, as if there was not sufficient mystification, should the reverend gentleman be a man of an ambitious turn, I have known him weave into the texture of his discourse, speculations *re-*

cherché enough for an auditory of metaphysicians: and all this he does to avoid the greatest of all blemishes, *triteness*. In short, so that he may but shine in this embroidered suit, he recks not if he fires over the heads of half the flock. This coxcombry we may pardon in young men; but, alas! one is doomed to listen to such *hoary-headed* exhibitions. But these gentlemen ought to be told, that plainness is as essential a part of preaching, as simplification is of doctrine. "For even things without life giving sound, whether pipe or harp, except they give a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped? So likewise ye, except ye utter by the tongue words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? For ye shall speak into the air."

I have no objection to join issue with the whole bench of Bishops, to prove that the system of practical piety, as taught by the clergy in the present day, is sadly below what it ought to be, and what we must conclude it would be, did they implicitly believe the religion they

preach. But whether it be true, or only a secular invention, and merely a means of gaining a livelihood, their conduct, as I have already shewn, is equally absurd. We may depend upon it, the people have got a full peep behind the curtain. Nothing sharpens the reasoning faculty like the necessity of thinking. It converts even the poorest and most ignorant man into a logician. The exactions of the church in these recent times of failure in our national prosperity, have led more men of every class to inquire into the *cui bono* of our church establishment, than all that they were wont to observe of the laxity and luxury of its ministers.

Now in what a cruel dilemma all we have been discussing must place the man who is conscientiously anxious to serve his God as he ought! To such a man it does, indeed, add a double measure of bitterness to the draught of life, to find that while he is rated as an imbecile by the wise men of the earth, he has nothing but thorns in place of consolation to repose on from the Church! Can it be wondered that hasty, impetuous natures should heartily desire an

end to a system which so egregiously trifles with their reason and their feelings?

I envy not the clergyman who merely makes a livelihood of his profession. It must be a source of the utmost dissatisfaction, to be conscious every time he bends the knee before his congregation, and in the awful presence of the Searcher of hearts, that the whole thing is but formality, merely something done to entitle him to a stipend; that while he lifts his voice in prayer to his Redeemer, his inward supplication is

Da mihi fallere, da justo sanctoque videri.

I envy not such a man, even though he could apply the flattering unction that the religion were *not* true. Under any circumstances, it would be a base prostitution of principle, levelling in him all that is valuable much below the brutes that perish.

CHAP. X.

In the prosecution of my purpose to offer some remarks on the medical profession in my own country, as suggested by what came to my knowledge of its state in France, I find my engagement must be redeemed very briefly indeed, the quantity of preceding matter obliging me to curtail what I had to say to less than one third; and this brevity is the more necessary, until farther opportunity shall have supplied me with fuller information on different points connected with the government and usages of our College of Physicians. Short and comparatively unsatisfactory as the present sketch must be, I shall nevertheless have occasion to entreat the professional reader to be very patient with me. To whatever side his

predilections may incline, whether we nearly coincide, or are widely at variance, he will at least see, I trust, that my sole aim is not childish triumph in behalf of early partialities, but to arrive at some practically beneficial conclusion, for the advantage, both of the public and the profession, whose true interests, indeed, can never be distinct.

Though upwards of twenty years a fellow of the London College of Physicians, and perhaps not less interested in its welfare than the most active of its resident members, with every thing to dispose me to overlook its failings, many of its learned society among my early, kind, and valued friends,— and none more kind or valued than its present excellent President,— with all these and many other motives to sway me to a blind partiality, I must candidly own, that for a long space my eyes have not been shut to certain defects, which I have more than once hinted to the President my intention of some day submitting to the Profession for the common benefit of all. But while much odium was sure to be incurred, and, after all, the result

extremely doubtful, such an undertaking could not be very inviting, even to the most dauntless zeal; and, indeed, but for the accidental connexion of the subject with what fell under my notice in Paris, it might probably have been deferred *sine die*.

My equal relation to the College of Physicians and to the Universities of which I am a member, I trust may excuse me for using the same freedom in speaking of the merits and demerits of each; my wish being to bring my mind, as much as I am able, into a state of that neutrality and indifference, without which it is impossible that our opinions on such questions should be entitled to respect.

To proceed without farther preface, I begin with noticing some of the principal objections (accidentally gleaned in the course of my reading) which have been taken against the present constitution of the College of Physicians; after which I shall offer some thoughts on the comparative merits of the system of medical education at the different universities of Great Britain; and then wind up my brief essay with

some general remarks on the most feasible means of rendering the administration of the College effective to secure its true objects, and I believe the objects of its *original* foundation.

In replying, as I shall do, very briefly to the objections against the College, I doubtless must labour under great disadvantages, in consequence of not residing in the metropolis, or having ever bestowed any pains to inform myself of its statutes and by-laws. Yet for my present purpose of considering the question, this, perhaps, is not so great a disadvantage as may appear at first sight; since it is not so much what the College is *legally authorized to do*, as what it would be *for the advantage of the public that it ought to do*, which is of any real importance to have well ascertained.

One of the numerous objections I find taken against the College, after first imputing to it a desire to make a monopoly of the Profession, alleges, that with the view of keeping their acts and proceedings secret, they purposely withhold their statutes and by-laws from the perusal of both the fellows and licentiates. In reply

to this, I can only observe, that my recollection serves me with no instance of a fellow being hindered access to these documents; and if licentiates have been refused when the thing was decorously applied for, it is, I believe, very contrary to the liberal spirit which governs the general conduct of the College. But as, according to the existing statutes, the licentiates are not associated in the government and business of the College, I cannot see it a hardship that *they* should not be *freely* allowed a liberty which there is so much good reason to believe would often be vexatiously exercised. But that the permission in question has been actually granted on many occasions to licentiates as well as fellows, I think I can take upon me positively to affirm; which is a full answer to this first, and in spirit not very liberal, imputation.

Another objection accuses the College of injurious limitation in respect to the number of fellows and licentiates: in reply to which, I am borne out by authority in asserting, that there is no law of any sort binding on the College to such an effect.

One of the most vehement charges in the whole list, is the refusal of the College to allow the medical graduates of all the Universities, without discrimination, in the kingdom, to be received into the fellowship, after giving proofs of their fitness: to which the best answer I can here offer is stated in a few words, namely, that the College is a corporate body, endowed with certain powers and privileges, and therefore has the same right as any other corporate body to maintain those rights and privileges; and that unless they are convinced that such a promiscuous introduction of persons from all the Universities would be beneficial to the public, they do no more than strictly their duty in not permitting it.

Another count in the indictment sets forth, that the members of the College are in the habit, both in London and elsewhere, of consulting with surgeons, apothecaries, and divers other persons not authorized to be consulted with, according to their own statutes. Now this I positively deny, without the least hesitation, has ever been done with the sanction of

the College; or, if known, it has invariably been visited with the penalty awarded in similar cases of infringing the statute "de conversatione morali." That a fellow of the College may have been led, under peculiar and pressing circumstances of a call upon his humanity, to enter into conference with persons of this description, I will not undertake to contradict. In such a case, I should conceive he would be blamable in the extreme to refuse conferring even with a common nurse. This, however, is not *consultation*. The late President of the College himself saw no reason to object to meeting apothecaries on such terms; and doubtless a sick-nurse may sometimes be able to supply the most important information. But where a meeting takes place of such a nature that each party contributes his quota of proposal and prescription, *that* alone, I conceive, ought properly to be termed a consultation: and if a fellow of the College were guilty of meeting surgeons or apothecaries, or any other unauthorized person on this footing, I should undoubtedly consider it a flat infringement of

his obligation to the College statutes, by which he has solemnly engaged himself to be regulated. To suppose, as some have done, that such violations of duty are prompted by a sordid regard to self-interest, I conceive to be only the calumnious colouring of jealousy and ill-nature, and quite undeserving of notice.

But whatever may be the true state of the fact as to the metropolis, it is impossible, says the objector, that the College can sustain their reason for not meeting unauthorized practitioners, on the plea of the public interests, since it is notorious that the fellows who are resident in London do not scruple to meet such persons in the country, when called upon, and strictly in the sense of a medical consultation. Whether this be so or not, I must be silent. Answering only for myself, I have invariably considered my obligation to the College was as binding in the provinces as in the capital, and not to be violated in either, without the most pressing preponderance of motive in a conflict of duties; unless, in fact, so circumstanced, as to be left to make my election

between my duty to the College and the urgent anxiety of a patient or his friends.

It is objected, that the College do not exercise their authority, as in times past, to put down irregular and empirical practitioners, either in London or the provinces. I do believe the College have been far more forbearing of late years than in those days when the education of medical men of every class was much inferior to what it is at present. But I cannot see how they are to be blamed for this, if it has been found by experience in physic as well as religion, that the persecution of heresy, instead of restraining, has served only to augment the number of offenders. Besides, there is nothing, as we have already remarked, which men of empirical propensities so much court as opposition from the respectable portion of the Profession. A knowing hand can clothe it with a motive of persecution in the eyes of his dupe, which is infinitely serviceable to his interests; and he invariably may be expected to do so. The martyrdom makes his fortune.

It is roundly asserted that the College have

abandoned all concern about the country, not caring one farthing how it is eaten up by the rankest vermin of quackery; nay, that if they heard it was visited as severely as Pharaoh by his lice or locusts, they would not stir one step to stay the plague. What to say to this, I own myself rather at a stand. That they possess the same right to repress the evil in both town and country, I have the best authority for stating to be fact; and it surely cannot be their opinion that the health of his Majesty's country subjects is not on a par of importance to the state with the health of his good city and suburbs of London, to the seventh mile stone. I freely admit that I see something here not quite as it should be; and for consistency sake, if there were no better motive, the College are, in my judgment, very positively called upon to account for this their greater tenderness to the town.

The last objection I shall detain my reader with, is a very hackneyed one, and will require to be considered at some length, as that upon which the detractors of the College build the

chief of their abuse. It relates to the deficiencies of Oxford and Cambridge, as schools of physic; from which it is concluded that their graduates, the Fellows of the College of Physicians, must be inferior in professional qualification to the graduates of the northern seminaries. That Oxford and Cambridge are deficient in teaching the advanced branches of medicine will not be denied: but then they do not profess,—they were, in fact, not established,—to qualify a man fully for the practice of physic. They no more undertake to send forth mature physicians than mature lawyers. The specific object of their establishment is to make the best provision for the best supply of both, by the firm sufficient ground-work they lay for building upon. To complain, then, of our Universities, for not undertaking the complete education of physicians in all its departments, theoretical and practical, is to do a childish thing,—to quarrel with them for not doing what they never were intended to do. Why not as well blame Eton or Westminster for not undertaking to teach the more advanced

classics and higher branches of mathematics? Our Universities were established only for laying such sound foundations of various learning, as may, in the best manner, fit their alumni for any pursuit in life, from the throne down: and professing only this, it is absurd to require more. Whether they ought originally to have been constituted so as to do more, I conceive very questionable, but have not time here to discuss. Schools of medicine are open to their graduates at a distance as well as inns of court; hospitals as well as law courts: and there can be no absolute need for having these accessible within the walls of an University, in preference to without. It is urged, that the time bestowed in our Universities to classics and sciences, might more profitably be devoted by the medical student to the immediate matter of his professional education; the objector never considering, that it is this very discipline, this thorough grounding in the elements of all liberal knowledge, which is so specially invaluable in preparing the mind for its future

operations; and that by such studies early begun and long continued, it is put in the best possible state for bearing its future fruit. "Ut ii qui combibi purpuram volunt, sufficiunt prius lanam medicamentis quibusdam, sic literis talibusque doctrinis ante excoli animos, et ad sapientiam concipiendam imbui et præparari decet." (*Cic. Frag.*) How many of the Edinburgh students have I seen obliged to devote to the mere elementary reading of the common school classics, introductory systems of mathematics, natural philosophy, mechanics, &c., the precious and irredeemable time which otherwise had been wholly disposeable for their medical lectures! Instead of coming to these lectures, as the late Dr. Gregory considered so indispensable, with a mind "bonis literis jam probe eruditum;" to more than the majority of these young men all departments of literature and science were nearly as new as the subjects of the class. A student in this state of preparation may be compared to him who works with a bad or blunt tool. His exertions are as the

effort, which, at an advanced time of the day, struggles to overtake the lost hour or two of the morning.

Nor are our English Universities wanting, as their adversaries tauntingly allege, in the means of preparing a graduate for pursuing his medical studies with effect, and the best effect. The elementary branches of physic are taught in lectures as well as books; so that a great deal of good initiation is effected before the graduate applies to more exclusive sources of medical learning. As to myself, before the end of my undergraduate course, I had attended courses of chemistry and anatomical lectures, with dissections, (during my junior and senior sophister years); so that these subjects were by no means new to me when I left my *alma mater*.*

* If it may be permitted on an occasion of self-defence like this, I would venture the liberty of detailing the steps of my own proceedings, preparatory to my fellowship of the London College. They are comprised in the summary of an official report made to the Director General of the Army Medical Department, in reply to a circular requiring to know the education of the medical officers of the army, and is as follows:—

But supposing there were no other advantages to be claimed for an education at our great Universities, it surely will not be denied, that whatever course of discipline is best fitted to turn out the best grounded scholars in all liberal learning, must lay the best foundation for a profession, in which, as we have seen, above every other that can be named, liberal sentiments are of such paramount moment; and

" Entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1795, where, before taking the degree of A.B., I had attended courses of chemical, anatomical, and surgical lectures. In Edinburgh, when proceeding to the degree of M.D., I had accomplished four courses of anatomy, surgery, and dissections; six courses of chemistry; four of materia medica; two of the institutes of medicine; four of the practice of medicine; four of clinical lectures; and three years were given to the clinical practice of the Royal Infirmary, and one season to botany,—vouchers for all which are in my possession. Next I became a pupil of the London and Westminster Hospitals, dividing my time between them for a couple of years or more, and the Surrey Dispensary. The succeeding steps were my bachelor's and doctor's degrees in the English Universities; and after a year's probation and the requisite examinations, I was admitted to my Fellowship of the London College."

for the want of which, indeed, we every day are doomed to witness the melancholy example of some one lowering it to the level of a sordid employment. It may be that I over-estimate the value of these things; but if it be not really a delusion I labour under, there are few greater securities against the low temptations of self-interest, than an early ingrained acquaintance with the refined taste, the sound wisdom, and honourable sentiments, in which the pages of the classic writers so generally abound, and which are taught with such peculiar success in our great Universities, along with every other branch of refined learning, converging to the same great object.

I cannot be unaware how a man lays himself open to a charge of egotism, or much worse, who ventures upon the perilous citation of his own opportunities. But surely, although we talk of opportunities, it would be rather an unfair sequitur to infer, that we are boasting how we have profited by them; and be the profit more or less, in my own case, were the thing to do again, per-

haps I could hardly have taken a course better fitted to secure its object, with the single exception of that time which was given to the medical schools in Scotland, instead of London; where I believe all are agreed that every branch of both practical and theoretical medicine are better taught than in any other part of the empire. Nor let it be thought, that in thus defending the fellows of the College from an attack upon their professional fitness, I have stated these opportunities as singularly occurring to myself. This were indeed to be absurdly egotistical. There is, perhaps, no fellow of the College who has not gone as laboriously to work, and not a few have extended the pursuit to foreign countries.

It is objected, too, that the College should sit in judgment on the fitness of the medical graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, particularly as it is from these Universities that they derive their own fitness; and truly, if the degrees of these Universities cannot be relied on as vouchers, their endorsement by the College will scarcely de-

serve to be regarded as much better security. Without all question it appears as if something here required the hand of correction.

Let us attend a little to the powers and privileges which the medical degrees of these Universities confer. After laying all due stress on the candidate's approved character and integrity, as well as on his learning, the words of the Oxford degree of Bachelor of Medicine are as follow:—

"Liberam tibi tenere præsentium concedimus potestatem et facultatem practicandi in medicina et ea omnia faciendi quæ ad eam spectant facultatem ubivis per universam Angliæ in perpetuum duraturam."

The degree of Doctor of Medicine proclaims the holder "*Completum* in Medicina Doctorem omnibus et singulis juribus, privilegiis et honoribus ad gradum illum quoque modo pertinentibus auctum fuisse et donatum, necnon per universum Angliæ regnum, ad practicandum in medicina (prout hâc in parte fieri consuevit) *authentice et solenniter licentiatum*."*

* The degree of the Edinburgh University runs thus:—

One might be led to suppose this, to all intents and purposes, *quantum sufficit* of qualification and guarantee. To find two several testimonials of our learned University conferring powers so extensive and complete, avouching under its hand and seal, *authentice et solenniter*, that the graduate is completely qualified, and at liberty to exercise his art in every possible way appertaining to its exercise, withal bearing from his University a character of irreproachable integrity and sound learning, might, one would think, satisfy the most fastidious. To the College, however, these testimonials do not give this full assurance or satisfaction. If the Doctor was complete before, ("completum in medicina,") he must be made *super*-complete now. As if the University had actually signed, sealed, and delivered a suspicious certificate, the College insist on satisfying themselves of its truth, and thus treat the degrees of

Eique (Doctori) amplissimam potestatem medicinam ubique gentium, legendi, docendi, faciendi concessam, aliaque omnia privilegia, immunitates, jura quæ hic aut usquam alibi ad doctoratus apicem evectis concedi solent.

our Universities no better (indeed hardly so well) than the character of a servant out of place; for this will often be taken on the faith of it. It is precisely to reduce Oxford and Cambridge to what Aberdeen and St. Andrews were the other day, before they had their "legislative hint." A back load of all the degrees of all the Universities in the universe could not protect a man from an examination before the College, if he would obtain their permission to prescribe for the people of London, down to the seventh mile-stone. Beyond this sacred limit he may practise or *mal*-practise as much as he likes. I was myself visited with a summons to appear for examination before the College, for having taken up my professional residence in London; although, at the time of the summons being served, besides being a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, I was in possession of the fullest authority of an Oxford and Cambridge degree, guaranteeing my complete fitness to practise my profession over every part of the kingdom; and of a degree

from Edinburgh besides, vouching the same fitness not only to practise over any part of the kingdom, but, as we have already seen, *ubique gentium*,—at either pole, if I liked, had Captain Parry then found out the mode of taking me there. Surely the College will not allege that the severity of the examination to which they subject the Doctor of our great Universities for his fellowship, can fairly be regarded as a full security for his competency, if he was not competent before. Nor, indeed, does the testimonial of his fellowship affect such assurance, or to hold out any higher pledge of fitness; so that to say the honest truth, and with all my respect for this most valuable institution, if I am candid, I must own myself at a loss to know what either of us gained by my appearance. The College testimonial merely announces the competency of the fellow to do precisely the same things that the Universities did before, without stating one additional claim to respect. Its language in the name of the President recites: "Eique (*i. e.* Doctori) concessisse liberam facultatem et

licentiam exercendi, scientiam et artem medicam juxta formam statutorum ad hoc editorum, largitosque præterea usum et fructum omnium commoditatum, libertatum ac privilegiorum quæ Collegio nostro auctoritate prædicta et jam concessa sunt, et in futurum concedenda."

It is right we should bestow as candid a consideration on the state of medical education in the north, to which the adversaries of the London College of Physicians attach such transcendant importance. The first witness I shall call is himself a Scotch physician, (I like to shew every fair play,) an élève of the University of Edinburgh, and an authority, it must be allowed on all hands, in every point of view of the very first class; and I can add, from my own personal knowledge of his unbending integrity and honour, that a more truly respectable testimony could not possibly be selected for throwing light on the true merits of the question.

This letter is addressed to the patrons of the University, and entitled, "On the Reform of Medical Education, necessary to give the Public

an adequate Security for well-educated Men, and is dated, I think, 24th November last:—

"GENTLEMEN,

"As a reform in our medical school has been for some time under your consideration, and several alterations have already been adopted with the view of amending the course of medical education pursued in this place, I trust I may be allowed to state what I consider the most serious defects of medical education, more especially as I conceive that not one of the new regulations reaches the source of the evil. I take this public way of making the communication, because what I have to say is not connected with the technicalities of science, but appeals to those broad principles of education which are intelligible to every man of common sense. It may not be improper to state, that I have had opportunities which can fall to the lot of few, of appreciating the effects of medical education, having been employed for many years in teaching the different depart-

ments of medicine to advanced students of the most liberal class. My mode of teaching by examinations, has afforded me peculiar advantages in ascertaining their progress. I hope, therefore, I do not obtrude, without a reason, for offering you the results of my experience on a subject of great public interest,—the best means of improving medical education.

"The first and most serious defect of medical education at this place, arises from those entering on the profession not being necessarily required to have had the advantages of a liberal education. No test of this is exacted, and a lad may therefore enter on his medical career in a pure state of nature, with his mind a perfect *tabula rasa*. Why the preliminary discipline of a liberal education should not be enforced in medicine as well as law and divinity, is altogether unaccountable. There is no profession in which it is more necessary to apply the reasoning of a sound logic, or to acquire the habits of an accurate induction,—none in which error is more pernicious, and none exposed to more sources of fallacy. Those exercises, then, which open the understanding

and refine the taste, which give freedom, range, and activity to the mind, form a necessary introduction to the study of medicine as a liberal science. It is the rectitude of judgment and sense of propriety which this education has such a tendency to cultivate, that gives the public the very best security against all kinds of quackery, vulgar pretensions, and low arts.

" Just in proportion as there is something mysterious and occult in the nature of medicine, admirably adapted to insnare the credulous,—and who is not credulous when diseased?—it becomes necessary to guard against this bias by the liberal institution of its professors. So essential to a cultivated understanding is a just medical observation, that without it the profession becomes a vulgar trade, where the whole contention is to adapt drugs to the swallow of the mob; and the old maxim, 'si populus vult decipi decipiatur,' is the watch-word of every sly trader. Many pride themselves on being mere matter-of-fact men in medicine; but these are so far from being just deservers, that they are almost uniformly the most puerile and most dangerous of all theorists. 'Facts in medicine

are in general complex phenomena. They require something more than eyes and ears, and many particulars that do not strike the senses must often be weighed before we can arrive at any accurate conclusion. Hence the medical press, more perhaps than any other, teems with a load of erudition, where bad language and absurd opinions contend for mastery, and where the wonder-working doctor has wrought miracles in exact proportion to his ignorance and impudence.

"To remove the credulity of human nature on this score, nursed as it is by crazy constitutions, sedentary lives, shattered nerves, gross feeding, and gloomy skies, is a hopeless task; but it is in your power, gentlemen, to do the very next best thing,—that is, to raise the standard of professional character, so that it may be above stooping to take advantage of this propensity; and by doing so you will confer an incalculable benefit on mankind. The business of a great physician at present is often not so much to cure diseases as to prevent murders, by counteracting, to the utmost of his power, the teasing, torturing, experimentary rage of busy

ignorance and presumption. How many liberal-bred men are now suffering from the swarm of half-educated adventurers that this system lets loose to prey on the public?

"Now, I conceive that there is only one remedy against this evil, and that is by insisting that every young man, before he be admitted to enrol his name as a student of medicine at this University, shall give satisfactory evidence of his having had the advantages of a liberal education; shall shew, by actual examination, that he has a competent knowledge of the classics, and adduce proofs of his having attended a course of mathematics, logic, and moral philosophy. By this step, you will do more for the medical character, and give the public a better security for well-bred men, than if you clogged education with a dozen new professorships, and kept the students for twenty years in the trammels of the physical sciences. What is it that makes the medical degree of Oxford and Cambridge stand so high, notwithstanding that these are so notoriously inferior to Edinburgh as medical schools? and what is it that makes the fellows of the London

College carry themselves with such a proud distinction? It is because they give an assurance of liberal education. The study of those branches of education which are broadly connected with human nature, which improve the whole man, cultivate his reason, and reform his taste, form the only true foundation of a profession that has any claims to the character of liberal. A defect in the first institution is irreparable; and if the mind is not early opened to liberal attainments when it is pliant and susceptible, the seed-time is gone for ever. Nothing after planted, is likely to have a vigorous shoot, or to 'grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength.' I may here observe, that it is not only the real and substantial advantages which education confers that is to be taken into account; liberal men in the other professions soon perceive the want of it, and assign to medical practitioners their *status* in society accordingly. The bad effects of this operate the more widely, as in medicine none can judge of professional attainments but professional men. Even natural good sense,

which, 'though no science, is fairly worth the seven,' is very apt to be sadly upset in half-bred men; so that, in this cardinal point, they are decidedly inferior to people who have had no education at all. These are safe within the pale of their original instincts and common sense. Burke has well remarked, that, without an alliance with literature, there is often something illiberal that clings to the sciences. In medicine, the want of this alliance is every way disastrous; it not only injures the best interests of the science, and encourages illiberal practices, but is often attended with a disgusting coarseness and brutal ferocity of character. I have, therefore, again to repeat, that to effect any real improvement in medical education, you must go farther back, and lay the foundation in the first institution of youth.

"I have now to advert to another most serious defect of medical education, which has also been overlooked in the new regulations, — I mean the total neglect of college discipline in our medical schools. A young man may at this moment finish his course of medical studies,

without ever having been once brought into personal contact with his teachers, except when he calls upon them with his fee. There are no steps taken to command his attention or enforce his application. He is not called upon to report progress, exercise his mind, or to acquire any intellectual hábits connected with his profession; he is, in fact, left a mere passive hearer of lectures, without any mental discipline. This arises from the established usage of teaching by lecture, instead of calling on the student to exercise his own mind, or labour with his own hands. I do not state it as a charge, therefore, against the Professors, but I state it as a radical defect in the training of youth, which imperiously calls for a remedy.

"You must at once perceive how radically defective every system of education must be, where young men are not called upon for any thing more than to be mere hearers. Indeed, in the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, they are so fully convinced of this, that lectures are considered as merely formal, and altogether secondary to the effective education

of the place, which is mainly intrusted to private examinations. Every person at all acquainted with the economy of the human mind must be aware, that without that mental training which frequent examinations and exercises can alone ensure, education must be in a great degree a dead letter. The best teachers and best professors have given their uniform testimony to this. Beattie affirms, that his pupils were much more benefitted by his examinations than by his lectures. Lowth, in an oration before the University of Oxford, expressly apologizes for the professors not lecturing, from the superior advantages of private tuition. Johnson remarks, 'People have now-a-days got a strange opinion, that every thing should be taught by lectures. Now, I cannot see that lectures can do so much good as reading the books from which they are taken. I know nothing that can be best taught by lectures, except where experiments are to be shewn.' And Goldsmith, who is said to be always wise with his pen in his hand, observes, 'That teaching by lecture, as at Edinburgh, may

make men learned; but that instructing by examinations, as at Oxford, will make them so, even against their inclinations.' The method of teaching adopted by an eminent professor of the University of Glasgow (Prof. Jardine), has great merit on this score. Were it necessary, a host of witnesses might be brought forward to the same purpose."

Part of the remainder of this Letter is laudably taken up in dissuading the professors of Edinburgh from multiplying professorships, while they neglect the foregoing considerations; such a multiplicity of attendances being only calculated to "perplex the student, and lead him farther out of his way."

As to the celebrity of the Edinburgh University in former times, which no one can call in question, let it be recollected that it was acquired when the professors were working under very different circumstances from those in which they have been placed for some years. In those days the celebrity of the University depended upon the fame of the professors. Now the fame of the professors depends, with

some exceptions, and these undoubtedly most honourable ones, on the celebrity of the University. And this state of things will probably continue until its decaying repute shall have become so alarmingly consumptive, as to put them on fresh exertions to get it back again. The constitution of the University, if we can give credit to what has come before the public on the subject, is eminently rotten, and opposed to improvement. The election to professorships resides in a corporate body, answering to our lord mayor and aldermen, and called provost, baillies, counsellors, and deacons of the city, who, as we are constantly hearing, are under the influence of a reigning faction called the crown faction. But, faction or no faction, when we consider what human nature is when exposed to influence, and what sort of persons this said corporate body, or town council, as it is called, is composed of, perhaps few educated beyond the pitch of his original destination, of a shop or a counting-house, some tolerable idea may be arrived at of the kind of professors whom the said provost, baillies, counsellors, and deacons of the city

are likely to elect to fill the learned chairs of the University; and what chance there is of the phœnix rising out of its ashes with such an apparatus for its resuscitation.

So much for the constitution of the Edinburgh University, which, since it is held up as the pink and paragon of all excellence, I have been at the more pains to examine, and it saves me the analysis of the others. Glasgow, though not nearly so bepraised, I believe in many respects much superior; and as to Aberdeen and St. Andrew's, they have been of late on the *black stool* of repentance, and we forbear to rake up any ancient recollections, or to hint any more at the dread "license to slay," value 13*l.* 15*s.* Their blushing honours are no longer, since their regeneration, to have any reason to blush either for the vender or purchaser. We are told, by their regenerators themselves, that there is now to be a "searching examination," which will thoroughly sift doctors like wheat. But, even if it were not to be such a thorough searcher, any thing that throws a little difficulty or delay in the way, is better far than

the remittance, and the diplomatic parcel, by post. If it were merely making a man travel to Scotland, some good must result, by diminishing the number of applicants; especially if they were obliged to travel by a smack, for then sea-sickness would come in for its share of salutary operation in checking the ardour of the speculation. But there is one frightful oversight in the new plan, which is, that the new regulations are only to have a *prospective* operation! This I conceive a monstrous piece of unfeeling callous policy, considering that some of our towns and villages still swarm with those very jackalls of the undertaker, whose authority to heal has been trumpeted to the country from the very seat of legislation, as nothing better than "a license to slay." Unless John Bull's nerves are cart ropes, surely the disclosure of such a fact was a most wanton piece of barbarity! The only consolation the reformers of these Universities offer poor John is, that the *future* race of doctors are to have their license to slay exchanged for a license to heal; while John is told by the very dis-

pensers of this cordial, that there still is a most effective phalanx, both horse and foot, on the old establishment, in full commission, over every part of the kingdom!

But to return to the London College; its President is certainly entitled to the very highest praise, and the cordial gratitude of its members, for his most liberal, disinterested, and truly zealous exertions towards recovering its proper rank among the institutions of the country. Next to Linacre himself, there is no individual to whose zeal it owes so much. At the same time we must allow, I think, that it is of but moderate importance his merely transferring the site of the College, or clothing upon it with a more comely structure, so long as the interior economy is not equivalently provided for. Now three years have elapsed, and things are just as they were, with the unhappy difference, that placed more prominently, it has been made to excite more envy, and a narrower inspection, and a closer dissection of its defects. But in truth, the error is not so much in the College as in our Universities. It

is there the main reformation ought to commence; and the only reformation required, is simply to raise the respectability of their medical degrees. I should say, let no degree be henceforth conferred by any University in the kingdom, that is not fully answerable to what it sets forth regarding the bearer, in every respect, both of character and competency. The only authority the College of Physicians would then be required to use, in reference to the graduates of any University, would be that of merely verifying the authenticity of their degrees, and of enrolling them in a list to be published regularly for the information of the public.

In raising the respectability of the University degrees, it would be necessary to have it surely settled that the candidate should be able to produce certificates of his having passed through some established course of medical instruction, under some competent authority, that the Universities could recognise whether within the walls of an University or elsewhere. This measure would furnish a supply of competent medical practitioners to meet the demand of

the public, and effectually rescue the profession of the physician from the hands of its spurious pretenders. No one province of the profession would then trench upon another; but each retreating within its banks, the general inundation would disappear which has so long overwhelmed the country. The public would, besides, have a sure criterion for determining the fitness of the persons to whose care their life and health were to be intrusted, instead of being the lottery it is at present. The authority of the College might be extended equally over the whole country and the metropolis, with full power to check empiricism in whatever shape, flagrant or plausible, that came to their notice: and for these and all other services undertaken for the good of the public, it would be fitting they should receive remuneration from the state. This would remove all suspicion of their being actuated, in their proceedings against irregular practice, by views of private emolument, which it has been so often the cant of their enemies to impute. And beside the immense advantages secured

by such an arrangement, it would throw a great deal more of effective useful power into the hands of the College; because all their proceedings would come with the full force and sanction of direct legislative co-operation.

As to the constitution of the College itself, I conceive it most important and essential that it should be composed of men of a degree of learning and acquirement much above that wanted for the fitness of the ordinary members of the profession. It is only by keeping up a superior rank of this description that the profession can be saved from the same degeneracy that has been so universally its portion in all other parts of the world, and to which it has itself so natural and prone a tendency. By a general principle of our feeble nature, when we have no motive to aspire, we are too often content to descend, especially if tempted and drawn by the divellent attraction of self-interest.

How much an arrangement, in principle at least, such as we have been adverting to, would more effectually provide for the interests both

of the profession and the public, it is unnecessary surely to enlarge. As things have for a long time been conducted, the authority of the College in the country is absolutely a dead letter, and its testimonial, in place of a benefit, a positive nuisance; in fact, it is a millstone about the neck of the bearer, by imposing obligations at variance with his private interests, and so far putting bad faith at a premium.

From the admirable adaptation of the *Académie de Médecine* to its various ends, it may be expected I should propose something like it in the room of our venerable College. For this I perceive no necessity. It would be to introduce the risks of innovation, without sufficient security that the end would be answered after all. Establishments in every country are the growth of time and circumstances, and are as dangerous to remove or transplant as the old trees of the forest. Besides, we require to run no risk by introducing any exotic institution in the room of our own. I can see no reason why, with a little alteration in adapting its

operations to some such system as that I have been suggesting, it should not be equally as efficient as the *Académie de Médecine*, in calling forth talent, checking empiricism, and promoting all the great public ends for which it seems to have been originally founded, and the clear intention of the legislature to secure. And an insurmountable argument for not touching one stone in the original foundation is the single fact, that it has sustained the respectability of the medical profession beyond what it ever attained in any other country, at any period of the world.*

BEFORE concluding these miscellaneous observations, I shall beg to turn aside to another topic, which has furnished not less asperity

* The following minute will shew at a *coup d'œil* how fearfully ill off we are in a supply of educated physicians, in comparison of France. In 1825 the whole number of regular physicians on our College list was about 368, of whom 186 were in London, and only 105 practising in the country. The whole number of authorised physicians practising in Paris alone this year is 1006; so that although it does not

against physic than physicians. The great aim of those who profess the other branches of the medical art, but who practise in all; and from their general request with the public are encouraged to assume what tone they please, is to have it believed that there can be no proper line of separation between physic and surgery. And so long and so loud have they sounded this note, that to me it is quite obvious the College cannot much longer remain a passive hearer, without virtually allowing judgment to go by default. Indeed I conceive their very existence at stake on the issue. Irregular practice never assumed so plausible a form. The most common-placed country phlebotomist now-a-days is vehement and in

contain near the population of our own metropolis, it is supplied with more than five times the aggregate amount of physicians, or 638 more than London, and *all the rest of England besides!* What a fortunate circumstance it is that the Scotch Colleges produce so many! This year the issue from Edinburgh was 160. But for such the medical profession in the country would be almost wholly in the hands of the unqualified or utterly ignorant.

defatigable in having it believed that the practice of the healing art is misplaced in any other hands but his own; and his plea is plausible, and with the multitude no doubt conclusive,—namely, that as physicians are not in the habit of performing operations, they cannot possibly know the structure of the human body, nor with any colour of reason pretend to know the mode of curing its diseases, with any better grace than he who should undertake to mend a machine who had never seen its mechanism.

The pitiable recipient of the pills and prejudices of such men, never reflects that there is no sort of *necessary* connexion between performing operations and the skill required for the practice of physic; and that in fact the routine of a surgeon may be continued from sixteen to sixty, and yet little more be learnt of the nature and treatment of the general diseases incident to the frame, which embrace the proper field of a physician, than if the operator had all the time been employed in making the instruments he cuts with. To hear some of these people talk, you would suppose the

opening of every boil or fistula discloses some new fact in physiology. Let us bestow only a thought on the difference of the objects about which each of these departments of the profession are more especially occupied, and the delusion vanishes. What practical advantage can there be proposed by the dissection of a fever, a cold, rheumatism, gout, and the interminable and frightful train of merely inflammatory, or of nervous, alias nameless diseases, to which flesh is heir; the last of which have been so bountifully filling the coffers of these vaunting dissectors, since their theory became fashionable?

But let my meaning not be mistaken, that I am contending against the practical utility of dissections. So far as the knife promises to be of any use, as one of the many helps to which a physician has recourse in unravelling the mystery of disease, it is to be hoped he does not overlook it. Far otherwise. On the contrary, he is fully impressed with the importance of availing himself of the aid of dissections, but only stands on his guard against setting on

them an *undue* value, to the neglect of other sources of information, of as much or more importance in guiding his practical conclusions, namely, the contemplation of symptoms in their multiform varieties of modification and combination; the effect of remedies, the influence of peculiarity in constitution and habit, and all the other considerations to be embraced in the wide field of that induction which constitutes the exclusive exercise of a physician's skill; and to which his education, and every moment of his study, and observation, and practice, are tributary; and, alas! every moment too little, even where he enjoys the first advantages from all these helps. The surgeon's moments are of necessity very differently employed. The greater part of his attention must be devoted to the mere manual occupation of treating local affections, as wounds, contusions, fractures, dislocations, tumours, abscesses, &c. — an endless train. Now supposing that a surgeon in full practice gives but six hours out of his eight to the operations which these *local* diseases require,

would he not be likely to know less of the *general* diseases of the system, constituting the physician's province, than if he could devote, and exclusively devote, the whole eight? Will the same man do any thing so well, who can only bestow a quarter of the time in acquiring it, as if he gave the whole? But it will be said, that in consequence of the unity and indivisibility of physic and surgery, the knowledge gathered in the course of the practice of the latter is equally instructive in respect to the diseases peculiar to the former department of healing. Divest the allegation of its generality, and it literally comes to this:—that while he is opening an abscess, or reducing a hernia, he is all the time arriving at the best mode of administering bark in ague and the affusion in typhus. Yes, but then the same surgeon attends your ague too, and administers bark, and so does he also prescribe the affusion in typhus; and he brings his knowledge of fistula to bear on one, and his quota from dislocation to the other, &c. Such is the *cul de sac* into which these most inex-

pugnable reasonings run and terminate; and should they fail, he who contends for their validity can still fall back upon his specious "unity and indivisibility:" so that you may pursue him in this circle with as much perseverance as a squirrel mounts his wheel, and never mount in your argument one jot nearer to a rational conclusion. I am aware that this question admits of great expansion and much plausible verbiage. The few loose hints here thrown out, few and loose as they are, it appears to me ought to satisfy the most superficial thinker, that any farther demand upon his time or patience must be unprofitable.

Their *great experience* is another hardly less plausible than profitable plea for engrossing the whole concern; and the humblest rural operator knows well how to avail himself thereof. He perhaps physics half the poor in his vicinity at a very low per centage, attending them at so much per head, or leasing the parish by the year. In the dazzle of this business the beholder is lost; not considering that if such things bestow experience, the nurse of

an hospital *does* twenty cases for his one. The truth is, every surgeon and physician has enough within his own department to occupy his whole life fully, if he would bestow the necessary labour for its cultivation,—and be content to keep only so much ground in his own hands as he is able to manage. But he is everlastingly sighing after the *angulus ille qui nunc denormat agellum;* and as he cannot fairly have it, he poaches whenever he finds an opportunity, till the practice is now so common as almost to be legalized by *prescription.*

I ought not to omit mentioning another rather odd sort of advantage, claimed for the pre-eminence and all-sufficiency of the surgical art, which is, that it is "a more positive one." The French, too, have got into the habit of talking of "*l'art plus positif.*" But if surgery be a more positive art than physic, carpentry and shoemaking are also more positive than surgery. Will the surgeon admit, therefore, that these arts are of a superior class of usefulness or respectability? Can any thing be much clearer than that it is this very palpable

and tangible nature of the data which, by reducing them to a less intellectual pursuit, deprives them of the very pre-eminence which it is sought by this silly pretext to arrogate. What is it but the greater difficulty and intellectuality of every pursuit that bestows its chief precedency? And surely this difficulty must be incalculably enhanced, where, instead of tangible and ocular facts to go upon, the physician can only grope his way by the aid of faint, glimmering lights through the dark misleading chambers of conjecture. "The conjectures of physicians, as of Chancery lawyers, a high Scotch authority remarks, must pass through severe trials, and finally be judged by consequences; so that a greater exercise of sagacity is requisite to extricate them from the possible errors which surround them, than when, as in surgery, they can lean on the absolute letter. The physician must extend his views, not to what his eye can see, but to what his mind can reach." (*Ed. Rev.*) All which I allow is true to a certain degree, in surgery also, but then in a very inferior degree.

The mere habit or routine of operating may make an excellent surgeon. The physician depends wholly on the resources of mind and the stores of his reading and observation. It must not, however, be concluded that I am denying these advantages to the former. All other things equal, the most learned man will doubtless make the best surgeon; and I am well aware that this country may at the present moment be proud of many who have risen to a very high degree of respectability in the practice of both professions. My object has been merely to shew how an imposing theme may be converted by arrogance and cupidity to a cunning purpose.

ADDENDA.

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

THE following particulars respecting the present state of the Administration of Justice in France may have some interest. They are given on the authority of a French gentleman, who had been sometime employed as secretary to the préfet of a department, and who must therefore be presumed to have a correct practical knowledge of the subject.

Every commune is under the administration of an officer called *Maire*, who, in case of being absent, has a coadjutor, or adjoint, to act in his place. The duty of the Maire is to take cognizance of all petty offences in the police department, upon which he also decides. In each canton there is a *Juge de Paix*, (a judge both in civil and criminal cases,) who receives

his commission from the King, and may be dismissed at his Majesty's pleasure. He presides in his court assisted by a *Greffier*, or keeper of the register, who likewise holds his commission from the King, and they are attended at their sittings by a *Hussier* or bailiff. The Juge de Paix cannot sit in judgment on a cause without having first acted as mediator between the parties. If one of the parties insists on obtaining a decision, the judge writes out a *procès verbal* (or statement), and appoints a day for a hearing. No lawyers are allowed to plead. The parties must explain their own cases, excepting on some rare occasions, when the judge, as an indulgence, grants the benefit of another person to explain for them. All judgments pronounced by the Juge de Paix are open to appeal. If one of the parties thinks himself injured by some neglect in the forms of law, the matter is submitted to the consideration of the *Cour de Cassation* in Paris, which is a court instituted to scrutinise into and maintain the regularity of legal procedure, but never takes cognizance

of the facts of the case, or of the rights in dispute. If the forms have been correct, the judgment is confirmed; if not, it is annulled. When the decision is annulled, the court sends it before another Juge de Paix, and the whole proceedings are to begin *de novo*. This second Juge de Paix generally lives in the vicinity of the one who first took cognizance of the cause, in order that the expenses of travelling may not press upon the parties. If the first decision has been subjected to an appeal, not for irregularity in the legal proceedings, but for a wrong application of the law of the case, or an erroneous explanation of the facts, then the case is brought before the *Tribunal de Première Instance*.

In his criminal capacity, the Juge de Paix cannot condemn a man to more than a very few days' imprisonment, or a fine of a few francs. He receives from 900 to 1200 francs salary, according to the extent of the canton. The Greffier about from 500 to 700.

THE TRIBUNAL DE PREMIÈRE INSTANCE

Is composed of a President, appointed for life; two or four Judges; a *Procureur du Roi*, or public prosecutor, dismissible at the King's pleasure; and a *Greffier*. All are appointed by the King.

The Procureur du Roi, or King's Attorney, has also one or two deputies, who act in his name; so that whatever the deputy does is always *pour Monsieur le Procureur du Roi.*

The President has from 1800 to 2400 francs per annum. The Procureur the same. A Judge 1200 to 1900. The Deputy the same as a Judge.

There are also one or two young men destined some day to become magistrates, who sit as judges, under the title of *Juges-Auditeurs*. They receive nothing from Government until they are appointed to some other office. Their duty is to attend the sittings, to give their opinions, and to be ready to act for such magistrate as may be prevented from attending.

This Tribunal de Première Instance sits both in civil and criminal cases.

When there is a public rumour of a crime being committed, any officer of the police or gendarmerie, the Maire, Juge de Paix, Préfet, or sous-Préfet, or the Procureur du Roi, or his deputy, draws up a procès-verbal of the facts which may have come to his knowledge. Generally any infraction of the law is first known by a gendarme or a commissaire de police. He makes out a statement of the facts which he has been witness of, the declarations which have been given by the persons who have been also witnesses; together with any other circumstances that might be likely to lead to a farther discovery of the truth; and this statement is forthwith sent to the Procureur du Roi. A copy also being transmitted to the Captain of the police.

The Maire of the commune where the deed had been committed, proceeds much in the same manner as the Gendarme, and sends a copy of his statement to the Procureur du Roi, and an extract to the sous-Préfet, who is a

civil magistrate only. Thus, in twenty-four hours after the perpetration of the crime, the criminal and civil magistrate and military officer are informed of all the particulars. The Procureur examines if the affair is a mere matter of police, and if so, he orders a bailiff to summon the persons implicated before the Juge de Paix. If the affair is of a more serious nature,—of that class of offences called *délits*, which do not, however, amount to crimes, then he orders the persons impeached to be summoned before the *Tribunal de Police Correctionelle*. He or his deputy then acts as a public accuser. If the case be grave, the Procureur du Roi instantly writes to one of the judges of the tribunal, commissioned under the title of Juges d'Instruction, with a request that he will attend him immediately to the spot where the crime had been committed. They are accompanied thither by the Greffier; and, if necessary, by a detachment of gendarmerie, and then they duly proceed to seize the criminal and his accomplices. The appearances on the persons of the criminals are carefully noted, and all cir-

cumstances of place and time, when and where, and how the deed was committed, &c. &c. But they proceed in a peculiar way. The Procureur du Roi makes application to the Juge d'Instruction to act, who, however, has it at his option to act or not, as he thinks right. The reason of this is to prevent the consequences of any blind or sudden impulse of passion. The Procureur du Roi can arrest any suspected person, but not without making application to the Juge d'Instruction. The procès-verbal, written by the Greffier, under the dictation of the Juge d'Instruction, is read aloud to the person suspected, and to the witnesses, and they all annex their signatures with the Juge d'Instruction, the Procureur, and the Greffier. The persons arrested are then sent to prison; but must be set at liberty in the course of twenty-four hours, if within that time the Juge d'Instruction does not issue a *mandat d'arrêt*, and confirm the commitment. This keeps the culprit in prison as long as is necessary to complete the information, carried on conjointly by the Procureur du Roi and the Juge d'Instruction. They issue orders to witnesses to

appear before them, and write to the Maires, Gendarmes, and Juges de Paix, to gather all particulars connected with the case. The Procureur du Roi immediately writes to the Procureur Général, who is his chief, and a man of eminent rank; and also receives such directions as this magistrate thinks apt to lead to useful discoveries. The Procureur du Roi is bound to do all in his power to detect the crime, and to prevent delay; but he cannot himself detain a man beyond the time assigned by the law; and to prevent his so doing, the Procureur Général must be furnished by him, every week, with a report of the state of the prisons, and persons detained,—the cause of their detention, the progress of the information against them, &c. &c. An extract from these is sent by the Procureur Général to the Minister, who cannot prevent the progress of the legal proceedings, as the judges are independent of his control; but he can accelerate, in some degree, that progress, in case any neglect should be imputable to the magistrates. Thus all parts of the machinery work together.

When the Juge d'Instruction has completed

his *information*, he is requested by the Procureur du Roi to lay the case before the members of the tribunal. These gentlemen meet in private, under the denomination of the

CHAMBRE DU CONSEIL;

The only object of which is, to decide whether the offences alleged to be committed are only *des délits*, or minor offences, in which case they appoint a day to sit in judgment upon the persons accused; or whether the act be really criminal; if the latter, they are bound to send the culprit to the Chamber of the Cour Royale, called the Chambre d'Accusation.

THE CHAMBRE D'ACCUSATION

Is held in the Cour Royale, and is composed of superior magistrates, who, like all the members of the Cour Royale,* are called Counsellors

* The Cour Royale is a court of appeal, and its jurisdiction extends over three, four, five, and sometimes six departments.

of the King. All papers relating to the case are examined anew by the Procureur Général, who stands, with respect to the court, in the same relation as the Procureur du Roi with respect to the tribunal. When the Procureur Général does not speak or act himself, his substitute speaks or acts in his name. The sub-

The members are for life. It is generally divided into three chambers,—one for civil suits, one for affaires correctionelles, and one for what is called *mise accusation;* or, as we should say, cases in which a true bill has been found. There is a President in chief over all the other Presidents and Members. The First President has from 15,000 to 25,000 francs salary; the President of a Chamber 4000; a Counsellor 3000. The Gens du Roi, or the members who plead in the King's name during the prosecution, are the Procureur Général, with a salary equal to that of the First President,—the two Avocats Généraux, who are under his immediate authority, and have the same salary as a President de Chambre,—two substitutes du Procureur Général, who also act under the authority of the Procureur Général, and have a salary of 2400 francs. All the Gens du Roi can be dismissed at the King's pleasure. They act in his name, and are charged with the execution of all the jugemens and arrêts pronounced by the tribunals and courts, and partly superintend the execution of the law.

stitute lays open all the facts as they are stated in the *information*, pointing out their rise, progress, and connexion. He can only narrate. There is no discussion; and all is done in private sittings, because they are not to decide on the *guilt* or *innocence* of the accused; but only to ascertain if there is sufficient reason for ordering him before a Cour d'Assises, to undergo his trial. In the event of his being put on his trial, the Procureur Général draws out what is called the act of accusation; and from that moment he is bound to do every thing necessary to lay the case before the Cour d'Assises at its next sitting, when he is prosecuted by the King's officers; but where he is protected, at the same time, as far as the case will admit, by independent magistrates, who are appointed for life, and not supposed to be easily influenced by agents of Government.

COUR D'ASSISES

Sits in every department once every three months. This court is composed of jurymen and magistrates. The magistrates are the same with the members of the Tribunal d'Arrondissement, and have a member of the Royal Court for the President.

The Procureur du Roi and his substitutes conduct the prosecutions.

Every week the Procureur Général receives from each Procureur du Roi, under his authority, a report of the crimes committed, of the persons arrested, and the principal evidence in the case. Copies of every judgment pronounced by the Tribunals and by the Juges de Paix, as also of the arrêts of the Royal Courts, are transmitted to him every month, setting forth the condemnations, with the names of the persons who have suffered the punishments to which they had been condemned,—those who are contumacious, &c. &c.

Every month, also, he is furnished with documents, shewing what number of persons are in each prison, the cause of their detention, and the period when that detention is to expire. He likewise has every month an affidavit, signed by each Juge de Paix, Greffier, and Procureur du Roi, specifying the number of the judgments pronounced, and the state of the register, and attesting that *the law officers have received no fee from the parties but what is legally allowed.*

Every two months the said Procureur Général is supplied with a statement setting forth the number of civil suits terminated within that period; and every three months the Cour d'Assises sends him a report of the criminal causes judged and terminated. This report particularises the names of the accused, —the time of their arrest, —the date when the Tribunal sent the accused before the *Chambre des Mises en Accusation*, —the date when this Chamber sent the accused before the jury, —the date of the jury's decision, —the crime for which the accused was brought before it, —the punishment which the Procureur Général had

ordered to be awarded,—the motives which appear to have determined the conviction of the jurymen,—the law, as applied to the case by the Court,—and finally, the opinion of the Procureur du Roi (or prosecutor), as to the justice of the sentence pronounced by the Court. Over and above these numerous reports received by the Procureur Général, every six months he has a statement at great length, stating the number of causes determined in every tribunal in his jurisdiction. He also obtains information of all persons below the age of twenty, from twenty to forty, and from forty upwards; and the number of adults of both sexes.

Moreover, all causes in which Government is concerned are reported to him,—as are likewise those which relate to the forest and agricultural laws and commercial affairs, together with the expense incurred by each suit by the parties, and by the Government.

Thus the Procureur Général is furnished with numberless means of ascertaining, to the greatest nicety, how justice is administered; it is not possible to deceive him, because the

documents transmitted by the several officers operate as mutual checks; and, finally, an abstract of the whole is sent to the Minister.

From all I can gather, it seems made out very satisfactorily, that the French criminal code is much superior to our own. Every part of the procedure is regulated by precise written authority; the great object being to leave the interpretation of the law of the case as little as possible to the ingenuity of the lawyers. The code is accordingly all written in plain intelligible language, without any technicalities, such as constitute the profession, with us, so rich a mine of ambiguity and proverbial uncertainty, frequently occupying lawyers to little purpose beside that of filling their purses. No doubt the multiplication of courts, and offices, and judges, and stages of proceeding, may often be a clog on the wheels of justice; but in all that constitutes an essential superiority over our criminal law, the more certain and speedy detection of the offence, the discovery of proof, and determinateness and certainty of punishment, it must be acknowledged as

superior. The law and the police work most admirably together; it in fact derives from its co-operation something approaching to the attributes of ubiquity and perpetual vigilance. A man lives in a glass case, and can commit no grave offence, in the most remote corner, without being observed.

THE END.

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